THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. BALFOUR startled the country on Thursday by an act of stupendous folly. Early on that morning MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P., and MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., were arrested at Dublin and Glengarriff on a charge of conspiracy, connected with the foundation of New Tipperary; and on the same day summonses were issued against several other Irish members, and one or two priests. MR. BALFOUR, who has made no attempt to learn for himself the truth about New Tipperary, acted at the instigation of the Dublin Castle officials, and in the interests of MR. SMITH BARRY, M.P., who has not found his struggle with the Nationalist party so easy a matter as he had imagined. It is impossible to conceive a more wantonly foolish step than that which he has thus taken. If, as is alleged, "New Tipperary" is in danger of collapsing for want of financial support, MR. BALFOUR has done his best to hide the failure of the Nationalists from the eyes of the world. Moreover, by acting at this particular moment, when no one pretends that there is any special reason for the arrests, he first gives the lie to LORD LONDONDERRY and others who have declared that the state of Ireland was entirely satisfactory, and next lays himself open to the imputation of having acted for the purpose of preventing MR. DILLON and MR. O'BRIEN from making their projected visit to the United States. The arrests will give a great impetus to the Anti-Coercion feeling both in Great Britain and Ireland. As to the result of the trial of the gentlemen against whom the Irish Secretary has proceeded, it is amusing to observe the profound respect which the organs of Coercion in London affect to feel for the tribunal which will deal with their case. If MR. BALFOUR'S prisoners were to be tried by an unpacked jury nobody doubts what the result would be. Tried as they will be before a couple of removable magistrates, there can hardly be more uncertainty as to the issue. The whole business is a bad piece of bungling.

IT is difficult to understand what excuse can be offered on behalf of the German Government for the issue of the astounding proclamation at Bagamoyo, authorising the free sale and purchase of slaves in that town and the neighbouring country. The German Government have, of course, made haste to disown a measure which is not only a defiance of the law of civilised nations, but a direct contravention of engagements entered into by Germany herself. The serious fact remains that the men who represent Germany in Eastern Africa have disgraced their country and themselves by one of the vilest acts on record. There is no mystery as to their motive. If the slave-trade is to be continued without let or hindrance in German Africa, the traders who have profited by that infamous traffic will naturally prefer German Africa to English Africa. It was to get this miserable advantage over the Englishmen who were the pioneers of civilisation in and around Zanzibar that the German officials committed this shameful offence. That severe and prompt punishment will fall upon them we cannot doubt. The misfortune is that no punishment, however severe, or however quickly it may be dealt, will remove the bad impression which must be universally produced by this lack of good faith on the part of the German agents.

THE announcement a week ago of a successful revolutionary movement in one of the Swiss cantons startled Englishmen with a sense rather of the ridiculous than the terrible. No visitor to Switzerland has ever dreamt of associating the Swiss with the idea of revolutions, and this rising in the Ticino has been impressive, because so absolutely unexpected. But now that the disturbance has been settled by the wise firmness and gentleness of the Confederate Commissioner, COUNT KÜNZLI, the event does not seem by any means so inexplicable as it appeared at first sight. A Conservative Government, with strong clerical leanings, has been in possession of power in the Ticino ever since 1874. Although the Liberals form almost a moiety of the population, they have found themselves not only shut out from office but debarred of many civil rights by the party in possession. At last, in accordance with the provisions of the Federal Constitution, they sent in a formal demand for a revision of the Constitution of the canton. This was ignored; so then they rose, captured the Government Palace, at Bellinzona (unhappily killing a member of the Government), and were masters of the situation, until COUNT KÜNZLI and a body of Federal troops arrived, and took temporary charge of the Government. The Ticinese, it may be observed in passing, are Italians in blood and traditions, and differ materially from their more stolid compatriots north of the St. Gothard.

THE week has witnessed another Imperial meeting, this time between the German Emperor and his ally, the Emperor of Austria. Great importance is attached to the interview at Vienna, the belief being that it affords absolute proof of the fact that the recent visit of the EMPEROR WILLIAM to Russia has not made any change in the European situation. There is something almost humiliating in the eagerness with which the Vienna press hails any incident which appears to show that the Germans are still on good terms with their southern kinsmen. The visit of the Emperor to the Czar was not an event which need have caused anxiety to anybody. Yet it seems to have created something like a panic among Austrian politicians. We see that they are now anxiously discussing the possibility of inducing England to take part with them in a war against Russia. The sooner they get rid of their illusions on that point the better. No English Ministry which joined Austria for such a purpose could live a day—always, of course, supposing Russia not to adopt a policy of absolute insanity.

THE Portuguese Ministers have tendered their resignation, apparently because the country does not like the agreement with England. It is unpleasant to read of the excitement caused by the arrival of an English man-of-war in the Tagus the other morning. The officers and sailors who landed were, it seems, pursued by a noisy crowd, who offered them insults of every imaginable description. No doubt paltry action of this kind is natural on the part of an excitable populace who believe that their country has been wronged by those whom they thus maltreat; but it is unpleasant to know that any feeling of this kind should continue

to exist in Portugal after the conclusion of the Anglo-Portuguese agreement. That instrument we might have hoped would finally have settled the differences between the two countries. Portugal has gained under it everything that she had a right to expect, and more than most Englishmen believed to have been due to her. It is to be hoped that the Portuguese Government will be strong enough to deal decisively with disturbances for which no reasonable excuse can now be offered.

THE beginning of serious operations for the removal of the "Iron Gates" of the Danube has excited some interest both in the political and commercial world during the week. Now that the railway communication with Roumania and Bulgaria is complete, fewer travellers have an opportunity of seeing the Danube below Belgrade than was formerly the case. The dangerous rapids which are known as the Iron Gates have been a constant obstacle to the free navigation of the great river, and their removal cannot fail to be of great advantage to Hungary, and incidentally to that of Servia. But it is a mistake to suppose that the destruction of the sunken rocks which now obstruct the waterway of the Danube will open up that river to maritime navigation. Sea-going vessels cannot at present reach the spot where the Iron Gates bar further progress, and the results of the operations which have now begun must be purely local in their character.

THE *Star* published the other day a copy of an entry made in the "Gaol Journal" at Tullamore by DR. MOORHEAD, J.P., which we commend to the careful attention of the supporters of the present system of government in Ireland. DR. MOORHEAD'S report had reference to one of the prisoners in the gaol, a journalist named MCENERY, who is confined there under a long sentence of imprisonment for the crime of writing a leading article which was "calculated to intimidate" a land-grabber. In other words, MR. MCENERY is beyond all question a political prisoner. That being the case, it is not pleasant to read his complaint of "the unnecessary barbarity and indecency offered to his person by the officers during the process of searching." He is quite willing, he declared to DR. MOORHEAD, to allow the officials to search him in any proper manner, but he protests against being repeatedly searched in a manner which is at once brutal and indecent. DR. MOORHEAD endorses his complaint, and declares that the indignities inflicted upon MR. MCENERY are "an outrage on our common humanity." As there is not the slightest reason why these brutal assaults should be committed, it will be interesting to learn from MR. BALFOUR for what special purpose, moral, political, or personal, he has seen fit to authorise them.

THE Southampton strike ended last Saturday. It was followed at the beginning of the week by what threatened to be a lock-out on the part of the employers. Fortunately this also came to an end on Tuesday, and on Wednesday work was resumed at all the docks. We have discussed elsewhere some of the general points raised by this unfortunate labour war. Whatever the faults of the men may have been (and they have been sufficiently apparent), the masters have clearly not been free from blame. That both sides have suffered in the struggle is evident, and unfortunately there is no reason to suppose that either side has learnt the lessons these sufferings might have taught it. So far as present appearances indicate, it is highly probable that the contest which has just been concluded will be renewed at no distant date, whenever the men feel themselves strong enough to take up the cudgels against their employers.

IT is humiliating to read such a letter as that which appeared in the *Times* on Monday, from the pen of a COLONEL TRYON, on the subject of the Southampton strike. Many persons who sympathised with the strikers, blamed the Mayor of Southampton for having been too ready to employ force in order to suppress disorder. COLONEL TRYON blames him for just the opposite reason. He complains bitterly of his "weakness" in refusing to give the soldiers orders to fire on the crowd. Now this gentleman is merely the type of a numerous class. There are many amongst us who, whenever they hear of misconduct on the part of the "lower orders," cry out for measures of wholesale massacre. Yet these advocates of bloodshed are the very men who exhibit the greatest amount of horror when a Trades Unionist leader allows himself to be misled into the use of language which seems to incite to violence. We can only say that if JOHN BURNS had publicly advocated the kind of treatment of the masters, which men like COLONEL TRYON seem to think good enough for the men, he would have been held up to popular execration in every Conservative journal in the United Kingdom.

THE stringency in New York and the uncertainty as to the London Money Market have much reduced business upon the Stock Exchange, and prices have almost in all directions somewhat given way. The speculation in silver has almost ceased, and the price fluctuates between 53d. and 54d. per ounce, having been on an average for the week under 53½d. per ounce. As a consequence, there has been a great falling-off in the demand for silver securities. The market for home railway stocks has likewise been very dull. The effect of Money Market uncertainties has been heightened by a very disappointing dividend declared on the Deferred Stock of the North British Company. The market had been expecting at least 2½ per cent., but only 1¾ per cent. has been declared. In the American department there is utter stagnation, and the rise that had begun in South African diamond, land, and gold shares has been checked. Even the international department has given way. It has been chiefly supported for weeks past by the activity in the Paris Bourse. Apparently the leading Paris operators have been disquieted by the stringency in New York, and numbers of them also have taken advantage of the great rise that has occurred to realise their profits.

IN the early part of the week there was a very general expectation that the directors of the Bank of England would raise their rate of discount to five per cent. on Thursday, firstly, because gold is now being taken from the Bank, £335,000 having been withdrawn during the week ended Wednesday night, but chiefly because of the extreme stringency in New York. It was feared that a large amount of gold would be withdrawn from the Bank for shipment to New York if the stringency continued. Apparently, however, the directors have reason to believe that the shipments will not take place. The Secretary of the Treasury was able to buy on Wednesday Four per Cents. of the nominal amount of 16¾ million dollars at prices ranging from 126 to 126¾, and he also bought some Four and a Half per Cents., the result being that about 23 millions of dollars, or over 4½ millions sterling, will now be transferred from the Treasury to the market. It is hoped that this will put an end to the stringency, especially as it is now understood that the period within which importers will be allowed to pay the old duties upon imports will be considerably prolonged. Therefore the Directors of the Bank of England have not raised their rate, but in the outside market the rate of discount has advanced fully to 4 per cent., and it is thought probable that that rate will be maintained, that it will prove sufficient to stop withdrawals from the Bank, and possibly even to attract some gold.

MR. BALFOUR'S LATEST BLUNDER.

FOR a clever man—even for a clever man who lives in an atmosphere of noisy though not very sincere adulation—Mr. Balfour is certainly capable of more stupid and inexcusable blunders than almost any other person holding a responsible position in public life. The *coup de théâtre* to which he has resorted this week must strike most sensible people with amazement because of its stupendous folly. At the moment when the leaders of his party are about to embark upon a political crusade on which depends the fortune of the coming Session, and when the earnest desire of every Tory member and every Tory candidate is that nothing should be done to accentuate the feeling which already exists among the English constituencies on the question of the mismanagement of Irish affairs by the present Government, Mr. Balfour suddenly takes a step which will drive a fresh batch of Liberal Unionists out of the party to which they have hitherto clung, and create Radicals by the hundred in every constituency in the land. Naturally the first persons to rage against the blundering maladroitness of the Coercionist Chief Secretary will be those Tory candidates who have been so sedulously endeavouring to impress upon their fellow-countrymen the fact, that for the future Lord Salisbury's Ministry meant to drop measures of repression, and to introduce into the treatment of Ireland those long-promised remedial measures for which people have hitherto waited in vain. Now they know that the "remedial measures" have disappeared for ever from the programme of the present Government, and that the Chief Secretary, under some crazy impulse, has returned to the worst form of his Irish policy in his worst days—the attempt to ensure success by throwing his political opponents into prison.

We need hardly say that we have little sympathy with the persons who were hoping to win votes by alleging a change of front on the part of Ministers, and whose hopes have now been shattered by Mr. Balfour's action. For our part we infinitely prefer to fight the battle on the ground which Mr. Balfour has taken up, knowing full well that—upon that ground, at all events—an overwhelming Liberal victory is assured. But even this feeling must not restrain us from examining both the causes and the consequences of Mr. Balfour's last and greatest blunder. Why have two men like Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien been arrested at this particular moment, and why are a great batch of their colleagues in the House of Commons threatened with the same fate? If we believe the language of Tory speakers and newspapers, the condition of Ireland is so satisfactory that the "state of the country" cannot, at any rate, be pleaded in defence of this outrageous act. Indeed, setting aside Tory boastings, common knowledge assures us of the fact that there was no great necessity, arising from the fear of outrage or rebellion or any great social convulsion, to justify this attempt to put down free discussion by brute force. And be it remembered that without some such necessity, an act like this on the part of the Irish Executive is not only unjustifiable but is positively criminal in its character; for it is an attempt to misuse the law in order to deprive the constitutional representatives of the Irish people of their liberties. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon have both, it is true, recently addressed meetings of their fellow-countrymen, have both exhorted them to continue the struggle for political freedom and fair rents in which they are engaged, and have both expressed their opinion that it is the duty of a man to find bread for his children before he pays rent to his landlord. But who amongst us really believes that this language justifies the step now taken by Dublin Castle? Some persons may think it exaggerated language; others may look upon it as foolish and unfair; but is there a man on the Tory benches who really thinks that to utter it is a crime, demanding the kind of punishment we ordinarily give to thieves and wife-beaters?

It will be said, however, that Mr. Balfour has some special knowledge of facts hidden from the world at large, in which his justification may be found. To this we reply that Mr. Balfour has no such special knowledge. It is well that we should speak plainly on this point—as plainly as Mr. Balfour himself is in the habit of speaking when he is dealing with a political opponent. Mr. Balfour not only has no special knowledge of Irish affairs, but he has not even the ordinary knowledge possessed by any intelligent man who chooses to study the condition of Ireland for himself. His ignorance of all that appertains to the country which he is paid to govern is unprecedented and most discreditable. No doubt even an indolent man might pick up some valuable knowledge of Irish affairs if he were to make it his business to go to Ireland and to study her condition on the spot. But Mr. Balfour has not been in Ireland for months, and during all the years of his Secretaryship has spent but a few weeks in that country. All the knowledge he now has of the state of the country comes to him through the poisoned channel of Dublin Castle. Every one of his predecessors, whether Liberal or Tory, learned long ago to discount the opinions of the Castle "ring." Mr. Balfour alone relies implicitly upon them, and accepts them in lieu of anything he could learn for himself by personal observation, or by actual inquiry among those who are not tarred with the official brush. We are sick of drawing comparisons between Mr. Forster and Mr. Balfour; but let anyone imagine Mr. Forster, after spending weeks in pursuit of pleasure in a distant part of the kingdom, telegraphing an order for the arrest of half a dozen Irish Members of Parliament, merely on the strength of a recommendation from some "removable" subordinate in Dublin! Mr. Forster would sooner have died than have done the thing which has now been done with a light heart by his unworthy successor.

So much for the causes of this blundering step, the primary cause of all being Mr. Balfour's ignorance of Ireland and Irishmen. When we look to its consequences, we are still more amazed at the folly of the Chief Secretary. We have said that the arrest of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien means the final abandonment by Ministers of their pretended "remedial measures." No doubt they will still profess their determination to go on with them. But with what fate is a Land Bill likely to meet which is brought before a House from which the men who best know the needs and the desires of the Irish peasantry are excluded? What kind of reception will Mr. Balfour's Bill meet with at the hands of the English Radicals, if it be brought forward whilst Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien are lying, by his orders, in the cells of felons? Mr. Balfour knows already how little his Bill is liked, even on his own side of the House. He knows how few friends it has either in Parliament or the country. He knows that his one chance of carrying it is by enlisting that powerful co-operation which only one or two of the English and Irish leaders can offer to him. A few weeks ago, when he was in the cold fit after the humiliations and rebuffs of the Session, he was exceedingly anxious to invite the help of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, including the men whom he has now sent to prison. Is it because he has found that such co-operation was not to be obtained on his own terms

that he has now suddenly turned upon the Irish members and plucked up courage enough to invite another trial of strength with them in the police court and the prison cell? We do not pretend to say; but this we do know, that the action he has now taken means the destruction of his Land Purchase Bill. We shall not proceed here to consider whether this is the true reason for his unexpected return to the exploded system of arbitrary oppression. It is quite possible, however, that it is.

AUSTRALIA AND SOUTHAMPTON.

PUBLIC attention has been fixed upon two great labour struggles during the past week—the strike at Southampton, now happily concluded, and the tremendous struggle in Australia, which, as far as can be gathered from the meagre reports which reach this country, daily broadens in extent, and daily deepens in bitterness and fury. There are some circumstances of similarity between the two strikes. In neither was any important question of wages in dispute, for in both an advance had just been conceded by the employers and accepted by the men. In both, too, the matter in conflict related to the rights and powers of trades unions. But while in Australia almost all the questions to which we have referred are raised on a scale of unexampled magnitude, the Southampton strike is a comparatively simple matter. Two points only were raised, and upon both the men were in the right. The first point was that the steamship companies had refused to recognise the Union or to receive the officials of the Union as the plenipotentiaries of the men. A great many strikes would be averted if each side would recognise what is its business and what is not. It is no business whatever of the masters whom the men choose to send to represent them. All that the masters have the right to inquire is whether the representatives have full power to speak and act on behalf of those from whom they come. The second point was that the companies, after advancing the wages of casual labourers to sixpence an hour, commenced to take on permanent hands at a guinea a week. That was perhaps too little, but it is enough to say that as the wage per hour had just been settled in concert with the men, the wage per week ought also to have been made the subject of negotiation. But, of course, the supreme question at Southampton was not the object of the strike but the conduct of the men. A somewhat vehement controversy has been raised—one which can only be properly decided by the verdict of a public inquiry. But there is one incident, as to which no manner of doubt exists, which has seemed to us to throw an instructive light upon the whole disposition of the Southampton magistrates towards the strike and the strikers. Mr. Sprow, the chief leader of the strike, was arrested upon a warrant, issued by the justices after a special consultation, charging him with intimidation. He has been committed to the Assizes, but we can scarcely trespass against the rule which forbids comment upon cases *sub judice* if we accept unreservedly the evidence tendered by the prosecution. This evidence was to the effect that while a crew were being mustered at the docks, Mr. Sprow had passed by and called out to the men to be loyal to the Union. And this is intimidation! Would the Southampton magistrates have granted a warrant against an employer who had called out to another employer, about to give way to the demands of the strikers, to be loyal to his class? It is not difficult to believe that magistrates holding these eccentric and prejudiced views upon the law of the land should have hurried to take needlessly irritating and alarmist precautions.

Far more serious issues are at stake in Australia. The strike, which commenced as far back as August 16th, began with the refusal of the colonial steamship companies to allow their officers to join the same trades union as the men before the mast. The refusal was ostensibly based upon the very intelligible and cogent ground that discipline would be endangered; but, as a matter of fact, the masters were striking their first blow at a scheme, then being rapidly carried into effect, for the amalgamation of all Australian trades unions. Labour in Australia was in process of mobilisation. It was organising itself into one army, so that it might at any moment bring its whole force to bear upon a single class of employers, or even upon an individual employer. The dream of the extreme unionists in England was the practical object of the unionists in Australia—the ability to bring the threat of a general strike to bear upon every grievance of which labour might desire the remedy. The officers of the steamship companies struck; the crews, whose battle they were fighting, of course followed suit. Ships were manned with non-unionists, and then the dock-labourers at every Australian port went out sooner than unload them. The whole coasting trade of the continent was absolutely paralysed. Some coal was sent to Melbourne through non-unionist hands; the gas-stokers refused to use it, and threw up their situations; and for several nights the whole city was in darkness. The epidemic spread to the coal and gold mines, and all through Australasia trade was at a standstill. But the tide gradually turned. By slow degrees ship after ship was provided with non-unionist crews; day after day trade was resumed in increasing volume; and it has now become apparent that the masters are winning. The fight is for a tremendous stake.

It is evident that the employers will not be content with the submission of the officers with whom the strike originated. They will not even be content with the denial of the right of unions to amalgamate. Their aim is said to be nothing less than to degrade trades unions into mere provident societies with which none but their members have any concern, and which employers will wholly ignore. Every master will make an absolutely free and unfettered contract with his own workmen. So far, all compromises and offers of mediation have been refused. The latest news is that the organisers of the strike, as a forlorn hope, and with the idea rather of forcing a compromise than of winning a victory, will call out the forty thousand men who are engaged in the various departments of the wool industry.

The morals to be deduced from these two strikes are undoubtedly suggestive. The Southampton strike broke down, not so much because it was not supported from the headquarters of the Dockers' Union, as because it failed to attract the public sympathy. The Australian strikers are losing because public opinion in the Colonies is heavily against them. This is but a repetition of the unvaried history of the last eighteen months. The strikes against concrete grievances, affecting the pocket of each individual worker, have attracted popular sympathy and have been successful; the strikes for bare principles—we say nothing of their value—have not obtained public support and have uniformly failed. We do not think the public instinct has erred. Again, strikes in aid of strikes, denoting the possibility and arousing the fear of a general strike, are in advance of public opinion, and call affrighted capital to arms. An amalgamation of unions cannot content itself with the equal voice

to which labour is entitled; it must aim at preponderance, even at omnipotence. The lamentable result to be feared for the Australian strike is a proof of the folly of advancing inadmissible claims. Let the trades unions keep to visible, substantial, comprehensible grievances; let them carefully disabuse the public mind of the impression that they desire to replace a tyranny of capital with a tyranny of labour, and they need not fear that the public sympathy so essential to them will be withheld. As for the so-called blackleg—and by blackleg we mean, not the mere non-unionist, but the man who steps into a place which is only vacant because a comrade is fighting the battle of the class to which both belong—he is very much in the same position as the land-grabber. Neither has forfeited the privileges of citizenship; both are entitled to the protection of the law. But we demur to the extension of any special sympathy to either. A man ought to be loyal to his comrades and his class.

THE TICINO REVOLUTION.

A TOURIST who woke one September morning at Bellinzona, and was told that a revolution had broken out, that a Minister had been shot, and a Provisional Government established by insurgents disguised as commercial travellers, might be excused for doubting his informant's sanity. To him Switzerland is "the playground of Europe," a land of lakes, mountains, and cattle with tinkling bells, peopled by guides and hotel-keepers, troubled by no politics later than William Tell, and boasting no literature except Baedeker. The political student, weary of public affairs at home, who crossed the St. Gothard with delightful anticipations of balmy repose at Lugano, might have been visited by dim recollections of the Referendum, Nihilist refugees, and remote feuds between Liberals and Clericals. But nothing could have surprised him more than the sudden and violent reminder that even the most pacific people in Europe are not exempt from political explosions. Recent revolutions have been associated chiefly with the obscure ambitions of South American politicians. A Republic in the other hemisphere is rent by personal rivalries, or plunged into some unaccountable quarrel with a neighbour. These incidents furnish to our oracles of "law and order" material for striking reflections on the unbridled passions of every democracy which is not blest with a ruler like Mr. Balfour. But the Ticino revolution has rather embarrassed these sages. In this case, at all events, it is impossible to denounce the authors of the outbreak as evil-disposed persons who strove to wreck the social fabric in order to gratify greed or vanity or any other vicious instinct which is always monopolised by agitators. The Conservatives of Ticino had been in office many years; they had manipulated the constituencies to secure a factitious majority; they had refused to submit to a popular vote a perfectly legitimate demand for the revision of the Constitution; they had screened from justice a speculative cashier who had played ducks and drakes with the public money; and they had shown a benevolent tolerance towards zealous partisans who employed the method which Iago described as "the removing of Cassio." Add to all this that the Ticino Government was animated by that spirit which is known as Ultramontane, and is not generally regarded as synonymous with the highest public virtue, and you have a pretty complete picture of "law and order" in this Canton, according to the indictment which has not been disputed except by Mr. Gatti, whose story of the "anarchists" searching for "incriminating documents" is worthy of the Adelphi drama.

For this topsy-turvy of a democratic Constitution it would be impossible to find a parallel save in Dublin Castle. The Ticino Liberals were debarred from appeal to the ordeal of a general election. The Referendum, of which we have heard so much, was practically abrogated. There was no means of vindicating the Constitution except by the forcible overturn of the Administration which had outraged it. A revolution was demanded in the interests of the law. This is the seeming paradox which has disturbed the serenity of some of our political instructors who justify violations of the spirit of the English Constitution in Ireland quite as gross as the breach of the Constitution in Ticino. Every invasion of popular rights is defended on the general principle of repression. The Ticino Conservatives were doubtless convinced that they were the sole guardians of property and morality. They "jerrymandered" the electoral divisions for the glory of heaven. They resisted the progress of infidelity by refusing to punish frauds on the treasury. They displayed, in fine, a genius for party government which would do credit to any "loyal minority." Elsewhere this does not tend to revolution, because the majority may be provided with weapons which eventually make their will prevail. But in Ticino there was no remedy except force, aided by the skilful intervention of Colonel Künzli. For the shooting of M. Rossi, which was an act of private vengeance, it is unfair to hold the Radicals responsible. They overthrew their opponents, and the Federal Commissioner, while nominally dissolving the Provisional Government, virtually recognised the justice of the revolution by ordering an election. Had he been a Turner or a Caddell, had he possessed no better qualification for his mission than the temper of Mr. Balfour and the brains of a resident magistrate, Colonel Künzli would have asserted his authority only after a sanguinary struggle. But this Swiss official knew that order could not be restored without conciliation and impartiality. He compelled the revolutionary leaders to abdicate their functions, but he prevented the Conservatives from organising retaliation. There were some pedants on the Federal Council who would have had the rising summarily suppressed, and the merits of it examined after violent passions had been roused on both sides, and inquiry obscured by blood. But Colonel Künzli declined to be guided by this Treasury Bench statesmanship, and so the Balfours of Berne acquiesced in his discretion.

Another lesson of this episode is not so important as it might have been twenty years ago. The Ticino Ultramontanes have shown that clericalism has nothing in common with sound administration. The temporal power of the Pope was undermined by the secular incapacity of the Holy See. The Popes could not rule their dominions because an infallible spiritual authority is incompatible with democratic freedom. In Ticino the fundamental principle of a Republic was ignored because it threatened to destroy clerical supremacy. This conflict between the Catholic Church and Continental Liberalism has its counterpart in Ireland. Irish Unionists who have argued that Home Rule means the domination of Rome are perplexed by the dispute between the Nationalist leaders and the Vatican. One simpleton has informed the *Times* that the Catholic bishops hate the Protestants so bitterly that, to wreak their spite on Protestant landlords, they have disobeyed the Pope. The rational explanation is that in Catholic Ireland, as in Ticino, the people have rejected Ultramontanism in politics, and by declining to allow their liberty in secular affairs to be hampered by ecclesiastical authority, have taught wisdom to most of their spiritual pastors.

LONDON'S NEGLECTED HERITAGE.

"PEOPLE like you were made to be outvoted," replied on one historic occasion a City faggot-voter to a resident elector who had dared to grumble at his intrusion. History does not record what dark thoughts of Foulon, and the eating of grass, passed through the mind of the objector. But no Liberal can have been present last week in the Parliamentary Revision Court for the City of London without feeling his blood boil with indignation at the shameless manufacture of faggot votes by the City Companies. Some may have reflected, in looking down the long list of eight thousand non-resident liverymen, each entitled to a vote for the two members for the City, and to elect its Lord Mayor, that this same electoral iniquity may one day be the means of winning back for the people of London the most magnificent heritage that the world has ever known. The electoral privileges of the City Companies are among their most dangerous possessions, for this perpetual reminder of the need for reform must inevitably compel the next Liberal Government to deal with the whole question of the Guilds and their property.

The seventy-three Livery Companies of the City of London are almost the only survivors of the network of guilds which covered mediæval England. How the old Trade Guild passed everywhere into the Craft Guilds; how these, in their turn, like their modern prototype, the Dockers' Union, became practically close corporations; how the illicit workers gradually increased outside the Guilds, and these inevitably lost their industrial functions and their authority over the crafts which they still professed to represent; how, finally, the great outburst of Henry's greed and the Protestant Reformation swept away their property, in one of its eddies, as devoted to "superstitious uses"—all this will one day make an instructive chapter in that history of the social development of England which has still to be written, but must not detain us here. What is important to-day is that the London Guilds, by one accident and another, escaped the fate of nearly all the others, and survive in possession of property worth no less than twenty millions sterling.

This enormous wealth, in which the public interest can scarcely be denied even by the Liberty and Property Defence League, is at present administered by the self-appointed "Courts of Assistants" of the seventy-three companies. The eight thousand liverymen have no control over the affairs of the companies to which they belong, and their interest in the property is limited to a few dinners a year. The fifteen hundred members of the Courts of Assistants get more frequent dinners and abundant fees for attending them. These fees alone amount to over £40,000 per annum, and the amount spent in dinners to over £100,000. Over £150,000 more goes in salaries of officers and other expenses of management, giving opportunity for the exercise of patronage on a large scale. Finally, about half a million a year is devoted to public purposes of one kind or another. The whole administration of this essentially public property is performed in secret, by small committees which nominate themselves and acknowledge no responsibility to anyone. No public superintendence controls their jobbery; no public audit checks their waste.

The income of these Companies is derived from property producing over three-quarters of a million annually. Some of them are among the largest of London's ground landlords; some of them own great stretches of agricultural land in various counties; the twelve "great companies" share among them the Ulster estates of the "Irish Society"; and nearly all of them possess, in addition, valuable freehold "Halls" hidden away in back streets of the City, gorgeous old plate emblazoned with arms, and surplus funds invested in consols or lodged on deposit at the Bank of England. Four-fifths of the property belongs to the twelve "great Companies," who claim precedence of the rest; and another seventh is shared among the twelve largest of the minor Companies, leaving about one-seventeenth to be divided among forty-nine insignificant Companies, to which, however, half the liverymen belong. It is mainly the latter companies which now manufacture faggot-votes, and some of them derive an appreciable part of their income from this sale of their "livery," or admission to membership.

The property of the Companies is divided into two portions, that for which any definite "trust" is admitted, and the "corporate" income, which is sometimes claimed as the private property of the members, divisible among themselves at will. The "trust income" now amounts to about one-third of the whole money income, and it is mainly out of these public funds that the Companies maintain their schools and their almshouses, their pensions and their doles. Two-thirds of the income is, however, not ear-marked as subject to any now discoverable trust, and half of this "corporate income" is accordingly spent by the Courts of Assistants in the management of the rest, and in "making themselves comfortable," as one member humorously puts it. But even the members of City Companies have consciences, for the other half of the corporate income is voluntarily devoted to public purposes, chiefly subscriptions to charities, provision for technical education, etc.

The wealthiest of the Companies may serve as a type of them all. The Mercers' Company, owner of vast property near Long Acre, as well as many other estates, admitted, in 1879-80, to possessing a corporate income of £47,341, and a trust income of £35,417, derived from property administered by a court of thirty members, who received £8,766 in fees, and expended £4,909 on entertainments and wine, spending also £5,643 in salaries, and £7,729 in management and maintenance.

One of the most useful acts of Mr. Gladstone's last administration was the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into these Companies and their possessions. That Commission reported in 1884, and their volumes of evidence are a mine of wealth for the London reformer. But the returns rendered by the Companies went only to the year 1879–80, and the ten years which have since elapsed are a period of absolute darkness. We know, however, what the Companies owned to possessing ten years ago, and since then, by the falling in of leases and rise in London rents, their income must have largely increased. The Royal Commission contained such ardent Socialists as the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Derby, Viscount Sherbrooke, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and Alderman Sir Sidney Waterlow, and these wicked confiscators positively claimed the Companies' whole income as being virtually public property. They urged, in 1884, the immediate intervention of Parliament "for the purpose of (1) preventing the alienation of the property of the Companies of London; (2) securing the permanent application of a considerable portion of the corporate income thence arising to useful purposes; (3) declaring new trusts in cases in which a better application of the trust income of the Companies has become desirable." Other recommendations were that the Companies should be thoroughly reorganised; that they should be compelled to publish their accounts; and that the livery franchise should be abolished.

It is perhaps needless to observe that not one of these recommendations has been followed. No Act of Parliament has been passed restraining the alienation of the Companies' property, and they have during recent years being trying quietly to slide out of their responsibilities as Irish landlords by selling their Ulster estates. Nothing has been done to check the scandalous annual misappropriation of one-fifth of the entire income in fees and dinners; no accounts are published; and the list of liverymen voters continues to grow. Is there any parallel in all history to this continued mismanagement of a public estate worth twenty millions sterling?

The Companies perform now practically no public function. It is true that the Goldsmiths' Company still exercises a vexatious and unnecessary "hall-marking" of gold and silver plate; the Fishmongers' Company condemns bad fish; the Apothecaries' Company grants inferior medical licences, and has a lovely old "physic garden" at Chelsea, which it is trying to sell for building; the Gunmakers' Company stamps gun-barrels; and the Stationers' Company mismanages, most atrociously, our only register of copyrights. The Plumbers', Turners', and Coachmakers' Companies have lately made feeble efforts to find something useful to do; but the whole attempt is an anachronism and a scarcely concealed sham. Craft guilds are out of date; and, even if they were not, the few thousand wealthy members of the City Companies cannot possibly represent the million workers of the Greater London which has made their wealth by growing up around them.

We are, however, a conservative people, and it may yet be possible to find some kind of ornamental function for a few of the larger Companies, duly reorganised and purified. But it must be one of the first duties of the next Liberal administration to see that London's twenty millions sterling are rescued from their dying grasp, and placed in the hands of some public authority representative of the people of London. The Bill dealing with the Companies might vest this vast sum in temporary trustees whilst the County Council and School Board prepare schemes for the devotion to public purposes of London's magnificent heritage. But the hidden influence of the City is enormous, and with such an estate to "administer" even delay is worth fighting for. The electors must look to it that the knees of the Government are stiffened, or the City will win after all.

THE CLOUD IN THE EAST.

ONCE again there are unmistakable signs that troubles are gathering in the East. For the moment tidings of misrule have ceased to come from Crete. In Epirus and Albania the weak hand of government has been able to curb disorder. The new elections in Bulgaria have given fresh proof of the large confidence inspired in his countrymen by the strong and able Minister who, undeterred by the frowns of the Great Powers, steadily upholds the cause of Bulgarian independence. But from another quarter of the Ottoman dominions, unhappily more remote from European sympathy, there reaches us the old story of helpless oppression, and every day the situation of Armenia forces itself more unmistakably on the attention of the West.

It is scarcely possible even for diplomacy to affect to disbelieve much longer in the sufferings of the Armenian Christians. The malady, it is true, is of long standing. For generations, for centuries, past, the Armenians have known the meaning of Turkish sovereignty, have grown accustomed to a government partial and corrupt, to insecurity of property and life, to repeated acts of insult and plunder, and, always obstinately Christian, have "preferred the crown of martyrdom to the white turban of Mahommed." The animosity between the rival faiths in their country is as bitter and active to-day as it was in the days of the Crusaders. The contempt for honour and mercy, which signalises the attitude of the ruling towards the subject race, is no new feature of Armenian history. But even long-standing maladies have their periods of intensity and danger; and through one of those periods Armenia, it seems, is passing now. If we may believe reports which have found general credence in Germany as well as in England, and which there seems no reason to doubt, Armenia is now completely subjected to the terrorism of the wild Kurdish clans who, from time to time, descend from their highlands to wreak their hatred on the Christian population, and at whose enormities the Ottoman officials, in some cases at least, connive. In certain parts of the country no Armenian dare venture outside his village or town. Armed bodies of Kurds patrol the road and attack any passing victim. The burning of crops, the killing of cattle, the insulting of women goes on on all sides. Reports of massacres come in from different quarters. "Here in Alashgerd," writes a wretched Armenian to a friend, "not a day passes without men being murdered and women violated. We hear that the Turkish population are talking of leaving this part of the country after massacring the Christians." When the Armenians demand protection from the Turkish authorities, they are told—if the incident reported a few days since from Alashgerd be true—that they are rebels, and that their tale will not be heard. At Erzeroum, it is stated that the Turkish Government are sending bodies of Kurds eastwards to repress the complaints and to ensure the obedience of the Christians. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the Armenian leaders protest, and that rumours circulate that the Armenians are procuring arms. The Armenian Patriarch, the official representative of his people at the Porte, has, after some vacillation, resigned his office, because the Turkish Government will take no efficient steps to mitigate the crisis. Even at Constantinople, it appears, there is some apprehension that the exasperation of the Armenian Christians may drive them beyond self-control.

In this emergency what can be done to stay the terrorism which is desolating Armenia? Alone, the Armenians are powerless. Their representative bodies may protest, but there their power stops short. Their Patriarch may resign, but what do the Kurds or their Turkish abettors care for that? They may appeal to the Sultan for protection, and even secure in reply, after the historic and transparent Turkish method, the appointment of Imperial Commissions to consider and report on their complaints. Abdul Hamid and his advisers may or may not have the best intentions in the world, but their inquiries and reproofs do nothing to interrupt the reign of disorder and crime in Armenia. The truth is that the Porte has tacitly admitted its inability to govern its dominions, and that the responsibility for Ottoman misrule rests with Europe, and principally with England. In these days it would be idle to pretend that we cannot reasonably intervene on behalf of the Sultan's subjects. Without our encouragements and guarantees—dictated by our nervous jealousy of Russia—the Christian subjects of the Turk would in all probability have been before this independent of Turkish oppression; and we, who have maintained the Turk in Europe, are the pillars of his sovereignty and the props of his misrule. Even now, in spite of its apathetic impotence, the Porte is probably strong

enough to restrain the Kurds and to control its own lieutenants in Armenia, provided that it chose to make the effort, and to insist on obedience to its commands. But it will not make the effort except under great pressure, and it rests with us to see that the effort is made. The Turk must be compelled either to govern or to go. If, laying aside unhappy precedents, England and Russia would combine to mediate at Constantinople, even the Porte would realise its alternative, and we should hear no more for a time of Mussulman atrocities committed in Armenia. So much, in accordance with existing treaties and with recognised obligations, England and Russia might fairly do, and may do, if public opinion in this country cares to wake and urge them. We cannot yet hope for more. But even if the present troubles in Armenia be assuaged, the records of Turkish dominion will never cease to move our anger and our pity, until the European Powers determine so far to forgo their jealousies as to realise that Ottoman Mahommedans, brave people as they are, cannot, with their hereditary views and principles, deal fairly or equally with Christian subject races, and combine to set free the Christians of the East from the baleful sceptre of the Turk.

AMERICAN FISCAL LEGISLATION.

THE Americans, excellent men of business as generally they are, have done more than perhaps any other people during the past quarter of a century to hamper and obstruct trade. But all they have hitherto effected in that way is small compared with what they are now attempting to do by a series of measures, some of which have been actually passed, and others are expected to pass in the course of a few days. The object of these measures is to increase exports from the United States and to restrict very greatly the imports into the States. It is strange that the Americans do not see that if they succeed in what they are attempting they must to a large extent cut themselves off from commercial intercourse with other countries. Every nation pays for its imports by means of its exports. What it can purchase with actual cash is very small, for the cash it has is almost all needed in the home trade. If, therefore, the Americans are able to shut out imports from other countries, they must in the same proportion lessen the ability of other countries to buy from them. Of the series of measures, the Tariff Bill has attracted most attention in Europe. It was passed some months ago by the House of Representatives, it has been amended in many important particulars by the Senate, and is now referred to a Conference Committee, which is expected to make further alterations that will render it acceptable to both Houses. It is impossible as yet, therefore, to foresee what change it will ultimately make in the tariff of the United States. But when the Senate first began its discussion it proposed to raise the duty on tin-plates from 1 cent per lb. to $2\frac{3}{10}$ cents per lb., a rise of 120 per cent. South Wales is the great seat of the tin-plate industry. 'In spite of the heavy existing duty, it exports to the United States very large quantities, and the object of raising the duty to the excessive extent just shown is admitted to be to shut out the British imports and foster the industry at home. On metals generally the Bill proposed to raise the duties from about 38 per cent. on an average to about 52 per cent., an increase of about 41 per cent. On some kinds of cotton the proposal was to raise the duty from 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents, an increase of from 52 to 60 per cent. *ad valorem*. On some kinds of woollens the duty was to be raised from 30 cents and 30 per cent. *ad valorem* to 44 cents and 40 per cent. *ad valorem*, an increase of from 59 to 82 per cent., and upon all articles the average increase was estimated to be from about 41 per cent. *ad valorem* to 52 per cent. *ad valorem*, or about 25 per cent. It is to be recollected, however, that some articles, chiefly raw materials not produced at home, have been placed upon the free list, while on others the duty has been greatly reduced. This, of course, brings down the average increase upon all articles. The matter of importance, however, to English and other exporters to the United States is that the duties have been raised from 25 to over 100 per cent. upon nearly all articles which compete with the produce and manufactures of the United States.

Serious, however, as must be the influence of the Tariff Bill upon the trade of other countries with the United States, it will perhaps be of less effect than that of another measure which has already become law, and which yet, strange to say, has attracted scarcely any attention amongst ourselves. Prohibitive tariffs may fail to some extent of their intended object, because Free Trade countries may be able to reduce materially the cost of production, or the Protective country may not succeed in creating the industry protected upon a considerable scale, or some other circumstances may favour the importer, but the measure to which we have referred is so inquisitorial in its character that it is likely to deter merchants from importing into the United States, and, unless it is administered with great judgment, it will put obstacles in the way of trade that it will be difficult to overcome. The measure is known as the McKinley Administrative Act, and its object is to amend the law regulating the administration of the Customs. It requires that every invoice shall, before the shipment of the merchandise, be produced to the Consul, Vice-Consul, or commercial agent of the United States of the consular district in which the merchandise was manufactured or purchased as the case may be, and shall have endorsed upon it a declaration—signed by the purchaser, manufacturer, owner, or agent—setting forth that the invoice is in all respects correct and true; that it contains, if the merchandise was obtained by purchase, a true and full statement of the time when, the place where, the person from whom, the same was purchased, and the actual cost thereof and of all charges thereon; and that no discounts, bounties, or drawbacks are contained in it but such as have been actually allowed. A declaration of value is usually required, and is a reasonable demand; but this new Act insists upon so much being declared, that practically it compels traders to disclose the secrets of their business. As will be seen, every invoice must state not only the place where the commodity was purchased, and the price given, but the person from whom it was bought. It is notorious that business men have the very strongest and most reasonable objection to such a statement, for if made generally known it lets competitors into the secrets of their trade. An unscrupulous competitor, for example, if he can succeed in bribing any clerk of a Consul, Vice-Consul, or commercial agent, may learn all relating to the business of those with whom he competes. And it seems reasonably certain, therefore, that very many merchants will refuse to make such statements, and consequently will retire altogether from the American trade. The professed object for instituting this inquisitorial system is to enable the American Government to verify all declarations of value; but the practical result is only too likely to be a great restriction to European trade with the United States.

Hardly less remarkable than the two measures just noticed is the Meat Inspection Act passed by Congress last month. The Americans complain that

regulations instituted by this country, France, and Germany have greatly restricted their exports of cattle and dressed meat, and they are endeavouring now by retaliation to force those countries to withdraw the regulations. A system of inspection is established at home, and unless European countries accept the certificates of the Inspectors the President is authorised practically to exclude the goods of such countries from the United States. The Act provides that "whenever the President shall be satisfied that unjust discriminations are made by or under the authority of any foreign State against the importation to or sale in such foreign States of any product of the United States, he may direct that such products of such foreign States so discriminating against any product of the United States as he may deem proper shall be excluded from importation to the United States." And further, the President is authorised to exclude any foreign food product that may be adulterated; and to enforce the exclusion, any person engaged in importing adulterated food, drugs, or liquors, is made liable to fine and imprisonment, with forfeiture of the goods. Thus, while the United States are endeavouring, as far as possible, to exclude foreign imports, they are at the same time attempting to force American exports on other countries under threat of the total breaking-off of commercial intercourse with offenders; and to attain their object they are arming the Executive with arbitrary powers such as a free people have seldom given to their government. The President is to judge whether unjust discriminations are or are not made against American goods. He is also the judge whether food is or is not adulterated. Consequently, he may at any moment inflict irreparable injury upon all who are engaged in important branches of industry—not only on foreigners, but on American citizens also; and whatever mistakes he may make there appears to be no provision for redress.

CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

IF the proceedings of the recent International Medical Congress at Berlin had contained nothing more of interest than the two introductory lectures by Sir Joseph Lister and Professor Koch, the existence of the Conference would have been fully justified. That many other communications of great importance were, however, added to these, by the hands of the most eminent men of all nationalities, goes without saying, but the two above-mentioned addresses struck the keynote of the refrain which marks the progress of modern surgery and medicine. Lister's address, as it became him, was of a practical character. He pointed out, amongst other matters, in describing the newest methods of antiseptic surgery, how much assistance the patient and also the surgeon derive from the wandering phagocytes which devour the septic or poisonous bacteria which are present even when the greatest precautions to exclude them have been taken. Surgeons have, for instance, long been puzzled to account for the rapid healing of the wound which is made for curing hare-lip. The interior surface of the wound is perpetually bathed in saliva, which, as we know, contains many kinds of septic bacteria. Why do not these enter the wounded surfaces and produce their evil consequences? The enigma is now solved. The guards are at their post: the phagocytic cells crowd the lymph soon after its formation, and take into custody any poisonous bacteria which may attempt to gain an entrance into the body. Lister draws the attention of the Conference to a new chemical antiseptic substance which, whilst effective as a destroyer of bacterial life, does not act as an irritant. The possession of such a trustworthy material is, he adds, often a matter of life or death, and he concludes his discourse with the expression of a hope that he may have succeeded in stimulating his audience to more thorough earnestness in pursuit of the great objects of antiseptic surgery, of which, we may add, he was the originator.

The name of Robert Koch is not so familiar to our ears as that of Lister, and yet the work which he has done and is doing for mankind is equally important with that effected by our countryman. His address is of a more general character, and ranges over a wider field than that of his English colleague, for it embraces the whole of bacteriology. Glancing at the history of this new branch of science, he shows how the methods of investigating the most minute of organisms have been improved by the employment of very powerful lenses. He indicates the caution which must be used in the discrimination of these organisms—that their mere appearance under even the highest power is insufficient to enable us to identify the various species, but that all their properties, including their action upon the animal body, must be examined before we can, in many cases, pronounce upon their precise nature. Thus, whilst it is easy to detect and identify the bacillus causing typhoid fever in the body of a person who has died from that disease, it is quite another and much more difficult matter to identify this septic organism in soil, in water, or in the atmosphere, and for the good reason that there are many harmless organisms there present which cannot be distinguished by mere microscopic inspection from the poisonous forms. It is, indeed, fortunately otherwise with some other septic organisms, such as the cholera microbe, which possess forms so distinct and characteristic as to render detection easy, even when mixed with other organisms. Koch then proceeds to illustrate the dangers and difficulties which beset this subject by detailing the history of his own investigation of the tubercular bacillus. For it is now certain that consumption, like so many other diseases, is caused by a special organism, or perhaps by more than one organism, so that it therefore really belongs to the class of infectious diseases. He describes the methods adopted to ascertain whether this malady in different animals is always caused by one and the same organism, and shows that this is the case, with the single exception of the bacilli of fowl tuberculosis, which appear to differ from those occurring in other tuberculous animals. The organism of tuberculosis seems to be of an extraordinarily persistent character, for when cultivated artificially in a test-tube for no less a period than nine years, and never having during that time been inside a living body, it was found to retain its deadly qualities unchanged; that is, it as surely brought about the disease after the lapse of that time as it did before. And when we remember that millions of these microbes can be obtained in twenty-four hours from a single germ, the persistence of this species is brought home to us, and we begin to understand that each of these smallest of beings preserves its peculiar functions throughout generations as do the higher forms of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Whilst speaking with due humility of the practical results with which the researches of bacteriologists have been rewarded, and pointing out that our knowledge of the generating causes of influenza, yellow fever, cattle-plague, and many other diseases, is as yet *nil*, Koch holds out more than a hope that the greatest scourge of the human race, consumption, may yield to the continued attack of therapeutic enterprise. In other words, he believes that a cure for this malady may be found, and he relates how far he is already on the road to such a discovery. All the remedies, he tells us, from benzoate of soda to hot-air treatment, have proved to be a delusion. What then is the scientific method by which the fortress can be stormed? Man, he says, must not forthwith be chosen as the subject of experiment. The question whether observations

which have been made in a test-tube hold good in living animal bodies, should first be settled on animals—only if these succeed should the method be tried on man. Proceeding on these lines, Koch has shown, in the first place, that not a few substances, even in very minute doses, have the power of hindering the growth of the tubercle bacillus cultivated in a test-tube. All these substances, however, proved to be absolutely without effect in diminishing the disease in the bodies of tuberculous animals. In spite of these failures, Koch was not discouraged, and now he seems to have met with his reward, for he tells us that he has at last hit upon a substance which possesses the power of preventing the growth of tubercle, not only in a test-tube, but also in the body of an animal. That is to say, he has shown that guinea-pigs, animals which are extraordinarily susceptible to tuberculosis, if exposed to the influence of this substance—the nature of which he does not yet divulge—cease to be capable of taking the disease when inoculated with its particular virus; moreover, that in guinea-pigs suffering from general tuberculosis, even to a high degree, the morbid process can be brought completely to a standstill without the body being in any way injuriously affected. Then, in the true spirit of an investigator, Koch adds that in the meantime he draws no further conclusions than that the possibility of rendering pathogenic bacteria in the living body harmless, without injury to the latter, has been established. Surely this conclusion is important enough. And if in one bacterial disease the ravages of the microbe can be stemmed, may we not confidently look forward to similar results in the case of others?

Here again bacteriology opens out a field of work, with problems which, as Koch remarks, are worthy of an international competition of the noblest kind. And already science, in the hands of Pasteur, has pointed out methods by which the animal may be protected against the attacks of infectious disease, by inoculation with the attenuated virus of the same disease; whilst Koch has brought within the bounds of probability the still more startling result that the disease, even when it has obtained a foothold in the system, may be arrested. The closing words of Koch's address deserve to be remembered. "Allow me," said he, "to conclude with the expression of a wish that nations may measure their strength on this field of labour, and in war against the smallest but the most deadly foes of the human race, and that in this struggle for the weal of all mankind, one nation may always strive to surpass the others in the successes which it achieves."

H. E. Roscoe.

FRENCH DUELS.

(By a Parisian Correspondent.)

THE philosophy of our French duel has still to be written. It seems ridiculous enough in the all but bloodlessness of its issue, but that is only because the foreign observer does not understand that it is a compromise. Men must go out; they are afraid of seeming afraid; and when they have uttered a hasty word, this precludes apology and explanation. They are even afraid of not uttering the hasty word, for a temperate statement of grievance might easily be interpreted as the discretion which is the better part of valour. Ours is a complex civilisation, but we are not the founders of it, we are only its heirs. It would be ruin, then, not to go out; but there is a tacit, not to say an express, convention that you shall do it with a minimum of danger. If it is ridiculous to go out at all, it would be still more ridiculous to get killed. A fatal duel is regarded as a lasting reproach to the seconds. It is their business so to manage the matter that the discomfited combatant may be at the office again within a week. In a model affair, he ought to be able to sit down with his adversary at the breakfast of reconciliation, on the very day of the encounter. Often someone stands by the combatants with a rapier or a walking-stick to parry any dangerous thrust. The necessity of a speedy return to the office governs the whole proceeding. Men simply cannot afford to get killed. They have either to duel safely, or to leave off duelling; and since the last, as we have seen, is impossible, the first has had to be developed into a fine art. Think of the number and variety of Frenchmen who have to go out. It is an inconvenience that may happen to any man, like a jury summons in England. Some combatants have not touched a foil for years, and are short-sighted, weak-chested, weak-kneed, and weak-armed into the bargain. Many have daughters to marry, and really cannot be spared till they have seen them safely off for the honeymoon. It would never do, especially among the most provident people on earth. It would cost too much, and duels are dear enough in all conscience as it is. What with the train to the frontier, the coaches, the brand-new tools, and the inevitable breakfast for self and friends, with no stint of champagne for the toasts, a single affair throws a man of modest means back for a full twelvemonth. It would be a good thing to extend the principle of insurance to this branch of business. If everybody subscribed a louis a year, the Society might perfectly well undertake to see a man out and home again, in an affair of honour, for an inclusive sum of a hundred francs. The French have made duels safe; the only thing remaining is to make them cheap. As to abolishing them—time enough for that at the Greek Kalends! The Latin races have always settled their differences in this way. In the time of Charles IX. France was a veritable slaughter pen. Ignatius Loyola offered to fight any Moor who declined to be converted to Christianity.

So the new science of fence has become much more subtle than the old. How to stab, and stab, and stab again, and yet draw no more than a wine-glassful of vital claret—that is the point. A dangerous thrust is a blunder which reflects serious discredit on the author of it, as well as on the managers. The forearm is the proper mark, and you must be a clumsy fellow indeed if, in trying for that, you reach the lungs or the heart. You simply do not know how to handle the weapon of a gentleman. Only angry carters who fight with dinner-knives have accidents of that sort. The model *procès-verbal* is of this kind: "At the third encounter M. —— received a touch in the forearm; at the fourth, he received another touch in the arm; at the fifth, a wound in the hand rendered it impossible for him to continue the combat. In consequence, the seconds declared honour satisfied, and the meeting at an end." This is perfect in every way. The number of the rounds is suggestive of a thirst for vengeance; their result assures us that there will be no gloomy perspective of "wronged orphans' tears." Madame may go shopping while waiting for the telegram. When M. Gambetta fought M. de Fourtou—with pistols this time—the seconds on each side took every reasonable precaution. They knew that France could not spare its greatest orator, nor the Government a prominent Minister. They knew it was their business to bring these men back to society. The principals themselves, having a proper sense of ridicule, felt that, if they were left dead in the field, they could never look each other in the face again. Providence co-operated in the undertaking. It was a very misty morning; and, when the combatants were separated by the requisite number of paces, they became mere specks in the fog. M. de Fourtou could not see very far on a clear day, but the chances were to some extent equalised, for there was a good deal of M. Gambetta to see. Ping! ping! went the distant detonations. Nobody ever knew what became of the balls, but honour was satisfied, and that was enough.

You have laughed at M. Rochefort for dancing round M. Thiébaud, and pricking at him as from all

points of the compass. But that is M. Rochefort's way. He is a nervous man, and a bad fencer, and he wins by never giving his adversary time to practise the niceties of the art. When he fought M. de Cassagnac with pistols, he could not avail himself of this science of fury, having, of course, to fire by signal; and it very nearly cost him his life. Both fired at the same time, and M. Rochefort was hit full and fair in a vital part. No one can guard against such accidents with this detestable weapon. He did not fall, however; he only pulled from under his shirt a medal of the Virgin, and tried to bend it straight again. It had been given to him as a talisman, at the last moment, by a fair devotee; and laughingly hung round his neck and forgotten. "The Virgin was in your debt, M. Rochefort," cried fierce old Veuillot, "for, when you were a younger and a better man, you once wrote her a beautiful sonnet. But take care next time; the debt is paid!" Paul de Cassagnac usually wins by a *sangfroid* which makes him master of all his technical resources. He can afford to be very quiet and deliberate, for he has no ignorance to conceal. The one thing that tends to disconcert him is cold weather. He is half a Creole; and the stripping for the conflict chills him to the bone. Usually, therefore, his invective has a period of hibernation; and he only becomes offensive with the return of spring.

Where, in spite of precautions, anything goes wrong, you must not fail to express a polite regret. "Prince," said Baron de Heeck, when he had broken the shoulder-bone of Prince Dolgorouki by an unlucky shot, "I am even more sorry for my bad form the other day than for my good form to-day." This was a civil way of saying that he repented both of having slapped him in the face and sent a ball through his shoulder. The Prince melted into tears, and held out his hand. The difficulty of our situation is that there is no possible way of showing that you are sorry for the slap, until you have risked the fracture of the shoulder. We manage all these things by rule, even the insults. "Your note is couched in terms which are not familiar to me, and I should be obliged if you would terminate a correspondence the delicacy of which my neglected education does not permit me to appreciate." This is your answer to an impolite letter writer; the next missive carries it a stage further, and is understood to signify his desire for blood. "Monsieur, your want of education no doubt renders you incapable of taking a hint. I am therefore, to my great regret, obliged to tell you that, in this affair, you have conducted yourself like a coward and a fool." The mode of joining issue is somewhat of this kind: "Monsieur, without any motive that will bear avowal you have bespattered me with the coarsest abuse," etc. After this the seconds take up the running, and the affair comes off. In the present instance—for the extracts are all taken from an actual correspondence—it had a most untoward termination. The poor fellow who wrote last was killed, and it was universally felt that the man who provoked him was a ruffian, as well as a homicide. This one was condemned to four months' imprisonment, and cast in damages of £4,000 for the support of his victim's widow and child. He became a sort of Cain of the Boulevard, and judge, jury, and public opinion all conspired to make his punishment greater than he could bear. He should have kept his temper, and tried for the forearm.

SCARBOROUGH.

AS I step on to the King's Cross platform at 1.25, I inquire in a vacant, listless way if there is a drawing-room car attached to the train. I know that there is not, and if there had been, I should not have taken a place in it. I only ask the question to create the impression that I am a magnificent sort of person, unaccustomed to any less dignified mode of progression. But my inquiry is my undoing, for from that instant I become a prey to the venal civility of the officials. It is pleasant enough in itself, and perhaps worth paying for; but it vexes my National Liberal soul, for I know that if I were some truly worthy person, say "little Ben Tillett," going north to organise a labour war, I should be left severely alone. I am ensconced in an empty first-class compartment by the care of a smiling, merry-eyed guard—the double of John Burns in physique—only John Burns corrupted by contact with the classes. He assures me confidentially that no one else shall come into the carriage, which seems a cheap form of civility, for there is no other first-class passenger in the train. At Peterborough the false John Burns kindly suggests a wash, a brush-up, and a basket of fruit. At York, again, he leads me to the tea-room. As it happens, this latter kindness is in vain. Just as the golden-haired one behind the counter sweeps up my cash, she informs me that I have only one more minute. I smile the smile of the dying hero, and calmly proceed to mix milk with my untasted tea, so as to render it unserviceable to the management, just as the brave artilleryman spikes his gun as the lancer's pennon waves at his breast. John Burns and I part with personal good-will on each side, for I feel that he has earned his tip; but it annoys me to find a moment later that he had commended me to the care of his local "colleague," who takes charge of the coaches from York to Scarborough. I have no need of this latter. He is to me like a publican or an Irish landlord—someone who perhaps *must* be compensated, although absolutely unworthy of recompense in himself.

I have always observed that the public and private virtues of a community are in inverse ratio to its patronage of first-class railway travelling—or rather, I should say, to its practice of purchasing first-class railway tickets, for many stalwarts before now have travelled first on third-class "briefs." In the north of England, nobody ever seems to think of entering a first-class carriage. Even in and about reprobate London, you are, in these latter days, often made to feel that travelling first-class is a habit to be classed with bromide at bed-time, or sherry and bitters before dinner. Many a time and oft, after purchasing a first-class ticket, have I been bundled into a third-class carriage by a friend of the Cambridge local examination organiser type, with as little ceremony as a rural policeman bundles a handcuffed poacher. The third-class habit, on the other hand, is like early rising, vegetarianism, or an honorary lectureship on Wordsworth at a working men's college. It places you on a pedestal from which you can kick and jump upon mankind. Unhappily it is apt to beget spiritual pride, and, like Holy Willie, some good men travel first-class once in three weeks, just so as not to be puffed up.

The further I travelled northwards, the more depressing I found the domestic architecture. England has only known three true styles of architecture—the Gothic, the Norman, and the Norman-Shaw. I fear that Mr. Norman-Shaw and his school must be bitter Tories, for the Norman-Shaw influence and vogue seem to cease when you have passed beyond the Tory Pale of the Home Counties. The gloom of the north country has penetrated the very marrow of the northern architects. Scarborough itself, beautiful in situation and *ensemble*, is hideous in detail. But if the houses are ugly, those who inhabit them are the reverse. The streets and walks are a stream of human loveliness and innocence—recalling, chiefly, the golden age of Hellas and Palestine. The prevailing type is far more Oriental than at Eastbourne, or on the Thames at Taplow. At these latter places, indeed, an ethnologist would infer that Britain had been conquered by a conglomerate race migrating from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, but he would add that the conqueror had been merciful in his hour of victory, and had spared a number of the aboriginals upon due submission and payment of tribute.

Here at Scarborough it seems otherwise—once away from the sands crowded by day-trippers, you would infer that the aboriginals had been wiped out like the Canaanites of old. When a Londoner makes up his mind to quit London, his first care is to ascertain how much of London has preceded him to his new abode. In this case a scrutiny of the faces on the Spa parade, and of the columns of the "Visitors' List," yields a negative result. There is nobody here who ever was born, except a few entertainers on tour, including Mr. Grossmith, Mr. Meyer Lutz, and Miss Fortescue. The London post brings no letters to the hotel. When the cross-country post comes in from Lancashire and the West Riding, the tables groan with correspondence. If Londoners go north for a seaside holiday, they choose Whitby, which Du Maurier's exquisite drawings have made *chic*. If you see a London family on the Spa, they rush to explain that they have only come over from Whitby for the day "to see what this crowd is like." It is different when the cricket carnival is going on; but I am speaking as from a date anterior to that blessed event.

If there is not much of purely English womanhood and manhood to be met with in the streets or on the Spa, he would be a hasty generaliser who should assume that the English had been finally expelled from the place. The despised race, as we found when our theatrical talk was done, had ventured to congregate on the lawn-tennis ground, where a vast North of England Tournament was going forward. It seemed much like other tournaments, except that the northern girls were more dogged, long-winded, and active on their legs, and less mindful of their airs and graces, than I have seen girls when displaying their skill in more fashionable parts of England—such as Homburg. This was not the only display of female athleticism to be witnessed recently at Scarborough. On other days, the dear little "Original Lady Cricketers"—the reds against the blues—played upon the cricket ground before a vast concourse of people, all perfectly doting in their ceaseless outbursts of applause upon every possible excuse, good, bad, or indifferent. The sweet girl cricketers played seriously and scientifically, with perhaps too much of a tendency to hit the ball "bloomin' 'igh." Their eyesight was marvellous, as evidenced by their quick catches at cover-slip and mid-on. It is truly satisfactory to see how the physique of the future mothers of the race is being developed. It was always a waste of time and force to give a modern man a physical training. The most important and successful men in the world are those who, in the language of Dr. Tanner, "can neither hunt nor punt." This was not my first acquaintance with the lady cricketers. I had seen them at a Primrose gathering which I was forced by moral torture to attend in Essex, a short time ago. I came up in the train with one of them, and a lady of the League. "I don't know how I am to get home," said the girl. "Walk," suggested the dame. "But I've got my cricket-bag." "Take a cab, then." "There are none." "Then get into a bus." "I'm afraid of being spoken to." "My dear," was the crushing reply, "if you can play cricket all day in short petticoats before three thousand people, you're quite able to take care of yourself in an omnibus at night—get out your cricket-bat." With which observation the dame entered her own carriage and drove off—leaving the girl smarting under a sense of the world's ingratitude—considering how much more of a draw she and her comrades had been, during the day, than the political eloquence of the lady and her husband.

As you scan Scarborough from any point of vantage, such as Prince of Wales's Terrace, the Castle, or either of the bridges spanning the lovely green valley which cuts the town in two, you cannot help marvelling how it is that that valiant man-at-arms, Joshua Rowntree, can maintain his political foothold in such a borough against the Londesboroughs, the Sitwells, and the Woodalls. A less hopeful-looking place from the Radical agent's point of view it is difficult to conceive. And yet his electoral strength must lie somewhere. You half determine to go and look for it, until you remember Mark Pattison's precept, to "vote with the Whigs and dine with the Tories," and you repair to the cricket ground where the Tory Lord Londesborough holds genial sway, and where the lady cricketers have been superseded by the various teams which are to show their prowess during the cricket carnival. After all, I see in the local paper that now, in the height of the season, 1,400 people are receiving poor-law relief—about one in twenty. There must be poverty and discontent somewhere, although the smoke of the kitchen chimney at the Grand Hotel may conceal it from my vision.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

IX.—Matthew Arnold.

LORD BYRON'S antipathies were, as a rule, founded on some sound human basis, and it may well be that he was quite right for hating an author who was all author and nothing else. He could not have hated Matthew Arnold on that score, at all events, though perhaps he might have found some other ground for gratifying a feeling very dear to his heart. Mr. Arnold was many other things as well as a poet, so many other things that we need sometimes to be reminded that he was one. He allowed himself to be distracted in a variety of ways, he poured himself out in many strifes; though not exactly eager, he was certainly active. He discoursed on numberless themes, and was interested in many things of the kind usually called "topics."

Personally, we cannot force ourselves to bewail this agility, this leaping from bough to bough of the tree of talk and discussion. It argues an interest in things, a wide-eyed curiosity. If you find yourself in a village fair you do well to examine the booths, and when you bring your purchases home, the domestic authority will be wise not to scan too severely the trivial wares never meant to please a critical taste or to last a lifetime. Mr. Arnold certainly brought home some very queer things from his village fair, and was perhaps too fond of taking them for the texts of his occasional discourses. But others must find fault, we cannot. There is a pleasant ripple of life through Mr. Arnold's prose writings. His judgments are human judgments. He did not care for strange out-of-the-way things; he had no odd tastes. He drank wine, so he once said, because he liked it—good wine that is. And it was the same with poetry and books. He liked to understand what he admired, and the longer it took him to understand anything the less disposed he was to like it. Plain things suited him best. What he hated most was the far-fetched. He had the greatest respect for Mr. Browning, and was a sincere admirer of much of his poetry, but he never made the faintest attempt to read any of the poet's later volumes. The reason probably was that he could not be bothered. Hazlitt, in a fine passage descriptive of the character of a scholar, says, "Such a one lives all his life in a dream of learning, and has never once had his sleep broken by a real sense of things." Mr. Arnold had a real sense of things. The writings of such a man could hardly fail to be interesting, whatever they might be about, even the burial of Dissenters or the cock of Lord Elcho's hat.

But for all that we are of those who, when we name the name of Arnold, mean neither the headmaster of Rugby nor the author of "Culture and Anarchy" and "Literature and Dogma," but the poet who sang, not, indeed, with Wordsworth, "The wonder and bloom of the world," but a severer, still more truthful strain, a life whose secret is not joy but peace.

Standing on this high breezy ground, we are not disposed to concede anything to the enemy,

unless, indeed, it be one somewhat ill-defended outpost connected with metre. The poet's ear might have been a little nicer. Had it been so, he would have spared his readers an occasional jar and a panegyric on Lord Byron's poetry. There are, we know, those who regard this outpost we have so lightly abandoned as the citadel. These rhyming gentry scout what Arnold called the terrible sentence passed on a French poet—*il dit tout ce qu'il veut, mais malheureusement il n'a rien à dire.* They see nothing terrible in a sentence which does but condemn them to nakedness. Thought is cumbersome. You skip best with nothing on. But the sober-minded English people are not the countrymen of Milton and Cowper, of Crabbe and Wordsworth, for nothing. They like poetry to be serious. We are fond of sermons. We may quarrel with the vicar's five-and-twenty minutes, but we let Carlyle go on for twice as many years, and until he had filled thirty-four octavo volumes.

The fact is that though Arnold was fond of girding at the Hebrew in us, and used to quote his own Christian name with humorous resignation as only an instance of the sort of thing he had to put up with, he was a Puritan at heart, and would have been as ill at ease at a Greek festival as Newman at a Spanish *auto da fé*.

What gives Arnold's verse its especial charm is his grave and manly sincerity. He is a poet without artifice or sham. He does not pretend to find all sorts of meanings in all sorts of things. He does not manipulate the universe and present his readers with any bottled elixir. This has been cast up against him as a reproach. His poetry, so we have been told, has no consolation in it. Here is a doctor, it is said, who makes up no drugs, a poet who does not proclaim that he sees God in the avalanche or hears Him in the thunder. The world will not, so we are assured, hang upon the lips of one who bids them not to be too sure that the winds are wailing man's secret to the complaining sea, or that nature is nothing but a theme for poets. These people may be right. In any event it is unwise to prophesy. What will be will be. Nobody can wish to be proved wrong. It is best to be on the side of truth, whatever the truth may be. The real atheism is to say, as men are found to do, that they would sooner be convicted of error they think pleasing, than have recognised an unwelcome truth a moment earlier than its final demonstration, if indeed such a moment should ever arrive for souls so craven. In the meantime, this much is plain, that there is no consolation in non-coincidence with fact, and no sweetness which does not chime with experience. Therefore, those who have derived consolation from Mr. Arnold's noble verse may take comfort. Religion, after all, observes Bishop Butler in his tremendous way, is nothing if it is not true. The same may be said of the poetry of consolation.

The pleasure it is lawful to take in the truthfulness of Mr. Arnold's poetry should not be allowed to lead his lovers into the pleasant paths of exaggeration. The Muses dealt him out their gifts with a somewhat niggardly hand. He had to cultivate his Sparta. No one of his admirers can assert that in Arnold

> "The force of energy is found,
> And the sense rises on the wings of sound."

He is no builder of the lofty rhyme. This he was well aware of. But neither had he any ample measure of those "winged fancies" which wander at will through the pages of Apollo's favourite children. His strange indifference to Shelley, his severity towards Keats, his lively sense of the wantonness of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, incline us to the belief that he was not quite sensible of the advantages of a fruitful as compared with a barren soil. His own crop took a good deal of raising, and he was perhaps somewhat disposed to regard luxuriant growths with disfavour.

But though severe and restricted, and without either grandeur or fancy, Arnold's poetry is most companionable. It never bores you—there he has the better of Shelley—or surfeits you—there he prevails over Keats. As a poet, we would never dare or wish to class him with either Shelley or Keats, but as a companion to slip in your pocket before starting to spend the day amid

> "The cheerful silence of the fells,"

you may search far before you find anything better than either of the two volumes of Mr. Arnold's poems.

His own enjoyment of the open air is made plain in his poetry. It is no borrowed rapture, no mere bookish man's clumsy joy in escaping from his library, but an enjoyment as hearty and honest as Izaak Walton's. He has a quick eye for things, and rests upon them with a quiet satisfaction. No need to give instances; they will occur to all. Sights and sounds alike pleased him well. So obviously genuine, so real, though so quiet, was his pleasure in our English lanes and dells, that it is still difficult to realise that his feet can no longer stir the cowslips or his ear hear the cuckoo's parting cry.

Amidst the melancholy of his verse, we detect deep human enjoyment and an honest human endeavour to do the best he could whilst here below. The best he could do was in our opinion his verse, and it is a comfort amidst the wreckage of life to believe he made the most of his gift, cultivating it wisely and well, and enriching man's life with some sober, serious, and beautiful poetry. We are indeed glad to notice that there is to be a new edition of Mr. Arnold's poems in one volume. It will, we are afraid, be too stout for the pocket, but most of its contents will be well worth lodgment in the head. This new edition will, we have no doubt whatever, immensely increase the number of men and women who own the charm of Arnold. The times are ripening for his poetry, which is full of foretastes of the morrow. As we read we are not carried back by the reflection "so men once thought," but rather forward along the paths, dim and perilous it may be, but still the paths mankind is destined to tread. Truthful, sober, severe, with a capacity for deep, if placid enjoyment of the pageant of the world and a quick eye for its varied sights and an eager ear for its delightful sounds, Matthew Arnold is a poet whose limitations we may admit without denying his right. Our passion for him is a loyal passion for a most temperate king. There is an effort on his brow, we must admit it. It would never do to mistake his poetry for what he called the best, and which he was ever urging upon a sluggish populace. It intellectualises far too much, its method is a known method, not a magical one. But though effort may be on his brow, it is a noble effort and has had a noble result.

> "For most men in a brazen prison live,
> Where in the sun's hot eye,
> With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
> Their lives to some unmeaning task-work give,
> Dreaming of nought beyond their prison wall.
> And as, year after year,
> Fresh products of their barren labour fall
> From their tired hands, and rest
> Never yet comes more near,
> Gloom settles slowly down over their breast;
> And while they try to stem
> The waves of mournful thought by which they are prest,
> Death in their prison reaches them
> Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest."

Or if not a slave he is a madman, sailing where he will on the wild ocean of life.

> "And then the tempest strikes him, and between
> The lightning bursts is seen
> Only a driving wreck
> And the pale master on his spar-strewn deck,
> With anguished face and flying hair,
> Grasping the rudder hard,
> Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
> Still standing for some false impossible shore;
> And sterner comes the roar
> Of sea and wind, and through the deepening gloom
> Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman loom,
> And he too disappears and comes no more."

To be neither a rebel nor a slave is the burden of much of Mr. Arnold's verse—his song we cannot call

it. We cannot but believe it will be a long time before men cease to read their Arnold; even the Rebel and the Slave will occasionally find a moment for so doing, and when they do so it may be written of them:—

> "And then arrives a lull in the hot race
> Wherein he doth for ever chase
> That flying and elusive shadow Rest.
> An air of coolness plays upon his face,
> And an unwonted calm pervades his breast,
> And then he thinks he knows
> The hills where his life rose
> And the sea where it goes."

THE CLIMAX OF GOLF.

THE triumph in the end of last week of an amateur, who happens also to be an Englishman, in the competition for the golf championship of the world, marks an important stage in the history of a game which, during the past few years, has made unprecedented strides in popular favour on this, even more than on the Scotch, side of the Tweed. For what has been done by Mr. John Ball, of Hoylake—who represents the third generation of a golfing family, as, till recently, he was known as Mr. John Ball *tertius*, and is still Mr. John Ball, junior—may, in theory at least, be done by every Civil servant, bank clerk, or man of letters, who, having purchased a large assortment of clubs, proceeds to-day with high hopes and a superabundance of ferocity, to destroy the turf at Westward Ho! or St. Andrews. In most athletic games, and specially cricket, the equality of the amateur with the professional player has been for many years freely recognised, because it has been amply demonstrated. But until within a few weeks ago it was believed impossible for an amateur golfer to compete on equal terms with a professional, who begins his career the moment he is old enough to swing a club round his shoulder. The lowest on "record" scores on all "greens" have been made by men who, like Tom Morris, the venerable and highly respected high-priest of golf in its chief temple at St. Andrews, have lived in, on, and for the game all their lives. The supremacy of such players has now, however, been successfully challenged. Mr. Ball, who in the beginning of the year carried off the exclusive amateur championship for the second time, last Thursday met and defeated on a Scotch green the chief professional golfing talent in the country, including several ex-champions and a redoubtable St. Andrews player, who, although he has never won the blue riband of the game, lately inflicted a severe defeat on the champion of 1889. The chances are very decided that Mr. Ball's achievement will be repeated in the future. For perfection in golf, as in all other games, is attained only by constant practice; and there is a section of "gentlemen" players, including Mr. Ball himself, Mr. Laidlay, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who, like himself, have held the amateur championship, that have begun to play as early in life as any professional, and play a great deal more. For the professional must make a livelihood; and this he can do only in the one or the other of two ways—in carrying clubs for and giving instruction to gentlemen as a "caddie," or in working in a club-maker's shop as a journeyman. In either case he is or ought to be busy all day, and can only practise the game of an evening. The "gentleman" who is also an enthusiast is, as a rule, a man of means, and there is nothing to prevent his playing all day long. It is more than probable that Mr. Ball, during the twelvemonth which preceded the struggle in which he came off victorious, had practised twice as much as any of the professional players whom he vanquished.

The true glory of golf, however, is not experienced by the amateur who devotes his life to attaining perfection in it, who is miserable unless he accomplishes the statutory round of eighteen holes in less than eighty strokes, and who would be driven to the verge of suicide were he once, in the course of that round, to "foozle a drive"—*i.e.*, hit a ball so clumsily that the weight of his stroke is practically wasted. Most pleasure and benefit from the game fall to the man who has to devote nine-tenths of his time to business, and who can only give up two hours a day, or a complete day a week, to golf. As a rule, he begins to play when he has reached, or is on the verge of, middle age, and when he has been peremptorily ordered by his doctor to "take exercise." Seldom, if ever, does he acquire that "full swing" of the club round the shoulder which is to outsiders the most attractive portion of the game. But there is no reason why, with care, patience, and practice—more especially if he has the good sense to take a few preliminary lessons from a professional player or veteran "caddie"—he should not in three years or so play passably. Even if he never plays otherwise than indifferently, he will be the better for one round of his green per day—which means between two hours and two hours and a half of walking—or three rounds of a Saturday. Let him secure as companion and opponent a kindred spirit, who, in point of play, is at the same stage of imperfection as himself. A match or "single" between them will not be marked by such skilful play as one between two "crack" professionals or amateurs, and will probably mean twenty or thirty strokes more before the round of eighteen holes is completed. But a game on which a championship, a medal, or a sum of money depends, is played in silence and with high Arnoldian seriousness; the crowd which accompanies it, especially at St. Andrews, has all the solemnity of a funeral procession. For fourth-rate players, who are content to be nothing better than fourth-rate players, there are left all the humours and delights of the round—the petty tribulation caused by getting into and failing to get out of "bunkers," and the equally petty ecstasy occasioned by a chance drive of astonishing length. Golf is, above all things, a game—not of strength, but of skill; a display of mere brute force ends, as a rule, not in success, but in disaster. Yet it demands a complete, if temporary, concentration of the brain; it obliterates self-consciousness. In this obliteration consists its supreme value for the man of sedentary habits, its superiority to walking and all other mild forms of exercise. The relief it affords from business is complete; and yet the bodily fatigue it entails is so slight that a round of golf, instead of incapacitating a man for work, rather enables him to return to it with greater zest. Besides, golf can be played under such conditions as to reduce fatigue to a minimum. The most enjoyable form of the game—at least, for those who engage in it simply for enjoyment—is a "foursome," in which two play against two, and share the responsibility of driving one ball from tee to hole.

The climax in golf has come; indeed, the rush to it at the present moment is far too great and eager to last. It is not simply men who work chiefly with their brains—judges, clergymen, artists, journalists, members of Parliament, and novelists—that have taken to it almost *en masse*, and are never weary of singing its praises (sometimes, it must be admitted, in very indifferent verse) as the sole perfect cure for dyspepsia, the megrims, and worry. Young athletes are abandoning cricket and football for golf, and are competing with each other as to who can "drive the longest ball." It is probable, however, that the attachment of such to golf will be but short-lived. The driving of a long ball from a tee is by no means the whole, or even the most important part, of the play. Holes are, in nine cases out of ten, won or lost by what is commonly styled the "shut game," by "approaches" to the hole with an iron club, and by "putting" on the level green which surrounds the hole. This "shut game" requires absolutely no strength, but only deftness—of the kind, however, which is quite as likely to be exhibited by a Nestor of sixty as by an Achilles of

twenty-one. In all probability, therefore, golf will be abandoned by young athletes as being emphatically —what, indeed, it is—a game for middle-aged men. Yet the present craze may, if it last sufficiently long, serve two useful purposes. It may evolve order out of the chaos of golf etiquette. Certain general regulations, originating in St. Andrews, are observed on all courses: but the bye-laws of one green are sometimes different from the bye-laws of another. This often leads to confusion and unpleasant disputes. It may be hoped, therefore, that the present enthusiasm for golf will lead to a complete codification of its laws. Another matter calls for urgent attention. The irregular army of "caddies," or professional club-carriers for amateurs, needs discipline. Many of them know nothing whatever of the game; others are boys who ought to be at school instead of learning to loaf and tipple in the vicinity of a golf-course. The "caddies" on every green ought to be registered, and the boys to be dismissed. So many energetic men of business are now taking to the game that it may be hoped they will introduce into it so much of the element in which they live and move as is involved in these two small reforms.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XX.—In Kensington Gardens.

On a September afternoon, when the autumn is trying to make up for the summer, it is pleasant to enjoy a penny solitude on a chair in Kensington Gardens. It is pleasant, because in the remoter parts of these gardens London is very far off, and drowsy noises invite one to slumber. One hears the quack of the ducks on the pond in the distance, the barking of dogs well pleased with the open space, the laughter of children—children of beautiful attire from respectable Bayswater or cultured Kensington—the rustle of dead leaves as someone passes across the grass, and the hum of the traffic far away in the Uxbridge Road. As one listens to these faint sounds, things slowly become indistinct and uncertain. The hum of the traffic is changed into the hum of a mowing-machine in a garden which you knew well once, a hundred miles away from London. You remember that the sound of that mowing-machine always used to send you to sleep. Why, you ask, does it not send one to sleep now? Possibly, because these dogs make such a noise with their quacking—there is something wrong with that reason, but you do not feel strenuous enough to put it right. Oblivion comes slowly over you; your last conscious thoughts are that it is unseemly to sleep in a public place, and that you will keep awake, and then that you simply must go to sleep for two minutes and trust that the curate and the rest of the congregation will not observe it. The curate and congregation have been brought into your mind by some association of ideas which I am unable to trace. So you sleep calmly, until someone touches you on the shoulder; in an instant you are sitting upright and assuming an expression of reverent attention. It is only the man who has charge of the chairs, and who apologises for disturbing you. The consciousness of things-as-they-really-are comes over you in quick surges, and for one penny you purchase the right to sit on any chair in Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, the Green Park, and St. James's Park during the remainder of the day.

The desire to walk always follows immediately upon the purchase of the right to sit down, just as the knowledge that one can now sleep undisturbed always induces wakefulness. You walk down the avenue; a nursemaid is running with a perambulator to the delight of the baby inside. At the speed which she has attained the perambulator is only partially under control, and occasionally zig-zags. As you pass, it zig-zags into you and hurts you. The nursemaid gives you one look, and you feel at once that in some way, which you cannot understand now, she has conferred a favour upon you, and that you have not behaved at all well about it. You murmur an apology, and she moves away at a reduced speed, talking audibly to the baby: "Did the nasty, great, ugly man try to upset byeby's pretty p'rambulator, then?" There are many nursemaids in Kensington Gardens, and a proper perambulator track ought to be laid down. Under the trees on one side of the avenue two school-girls are sitting and reading, or, to be more accurate, one of them is reading out loud, and the other is embroidering a sock, or some work of that kind, and listening. The reader pauses as you pass; not from natural modesty and reserve, but in order to make you feel more like a blight. A little further on a woman of severe aspect sits with a book in her hands. Occasionally she closes her eyes and her lips move. She is committing something to memory. The book is a reciter; so there is a bad time coming for some respectable drawing-room. A very old lady is wheeled past in her chair; as she passes you, she raises a deliberate double eye-glass, discovers all your little deficiencies, and finds them quite uninteresting. Why go further? Why should you go on to the pond—you, who have no bread to give the ducks, and do not understand the scientific sailing of boats? Have you not still in your ticket-pocket that by virtue of which you may sit on any chair in Kensington Gardens and three Parks? Go back to your penny solitude!

Once more you sit beneath the shadow of some great tree, and hear "the girdling city's hum." Look upward, and on every bough each leaf is edged with brown, and yellow blotches stain the green, veined centres. It is warm enough now; but in a little while the trees will be bared, and you will scarcely care to sit still for long in the open. It is quiet enough here; here no loud orator exhorts his crowd to hate the capitalist or lead a better life; the noise of the traffic is rather a lullaby than a distraction; but one has not far to walk before one reaches the uproar. The warm, drowsy, autumn afternoon in these Gardens has all the charm of a snatched opportunity; the quiet is more deeply felt because the noisy restlessness is so near. In the desert one is proverbially thankful for the oasis; in the oasis one should be thankful for the desert. In Kensington Gardens—perhaps "in this lone, open glade"—one of our modern poets wrote not the least charming of his lyrics, as he watched:—

> "All things in this glade go through
> The changes of their quiet day."

You wander away towards the gate, trying to recall the rest of the poem. Fate is fond of spoiling our most cultured and appreciative moments. The London boy, who has passed out of the gate before you, turns back excitedly, and shouts to his brother, who is some twenty yards behind him—

"Awthur! Loossharp! Run! 'Ere's a cabbos down."

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.

About a fortnight ago, a letter reached this office, addressed (in very bad taste, we thought) "To a Person of No Consequence." On looking at the inscription every member of the staff said hastily that the epistle was evidently not meant for him; and by this time it would doubtless have been destroyed unopened had not we bethought ourselves that a gentleman, signing "A Person of No Consequence," once exposed himself in these pages. The letter was immediately forwarded to him, and almost as promptly returned, with "Why not print this?" scrawled across the first page. So we print it.

Though I am unable (the letter begins) to obtain an introduction to you in the usual manner, I feel (and am in hopes you will feel) that you ought to know me. I already seem to know you better than

I know my own son, who, though only twelve, is separated from me by his many superior accomplishments. It is now some time since you contributed two articles to THE SPEAKER, that made me long to clasp your hand, but my wife, who despises me (and you too), would not let me write. She is now at the sea-side, and so I take the opportunity of asking you, will you excuse want of formality, and dine with me at the ——— Club on Wednesday at 7.30? We shall be quite alone.

Certainly not, is the reply that rises to your lips. But please first listen to my excuse for troubling you. In THE SPEAKER you painted your portrait; let me enclose you mine, after which I leave it to you to decide whether we are to know each other in the flesh. It seems to me that we are sufficiently alike for sympathy, and yet not so much alike that we would quarrel for want of something to disagree about.

For many years, you say, you have kept silence while pictures were extolled which you privately thought hideous, and books were raved about which you could not read, and men, furniture, saucers, and the like were fashionable according as, in your secret opinion, they were shams. I heartily sympathise with you.

But my secret is somewhat different from yours. For at least a score of years I have known that the whole world is well-informed—except myself. I have kept this secret jealously locked away from everyone (save my wife, who found it out long ago), and it weighs so heavily on me that I would like to share it with you—the only honest man who ever put pen to paper. I would not feel the shame of being ill-informed so much were it not that I am a well-to-do person who has been quite a success in life. I have a comfortable income, a son who seems already to know what the differential calculus is, two blooming daughters, and a balance at my banker's. I am highly respected, and when I preside at meetings the reporters give my introductory speech in full. Yet, my dear sir, I am—I must be—a living lie. Only the other day I found one of my housemaids reading botany, and I was ashamed. What right have I to be respected by that girl? A month ago I advertised for a clerk who could read modern Greek. The salary offered was ninety pounds, and I had thirty applications. Surely I showed great hardihood in facing these thirty well-informed young men. I have forgotten the Greek alphabet—and yet here I am, well-to-do and universally respected. It seems absurd. Ought I not in common justice to exchange places with one of my clerks? (obviously it could not be the Greek one). Yet, on the other hand, I seem able to manage my business with success. I hope you are becoming interested.

The newspapers annoy me so much that I sometimes think of ceasing to take one in. It is said that there are trade journals for every class in England, however small; but, sir, there is not one for me. Here is this Argentine Republic affair: the papers have been full of it; and I observe the flippant ones are now saying that the subject has been overdone. But not one of the articles has told what I want to know about the Argentine Republic. I want to know where it is. Do you know? I hope not.

What is your candid opinion of science? I can make neither head nor tail of it. Yet they teach science at our schools nowadays to boys of ten. It is years since that boy of mine, obviously egged on by his teachers, took to asking me "Why does the kettle boil?" "What are the component parts of gas?" "Can you explain why holly leaves are prickly?" I have thrashed him several times for his impertinent curiosity, but the real reason why he has ceased to ask questions is that he now knows almost everything. Last summer I was at Innsbruck, and on my return I foolishly said that I had seen the town lit by electricity for the first time. "Water power, I suppose?" he asked. "Certainly," I said, with great presence of mind; but I could have smacked his face. It is these details that make my life one constant anxiety.

You will see that I am not the kind of person who exults in his infirmities. I try hard to become well-informed, but the chances are that, if a book is the medium, I fall asleep just when knowledge is coming to me. And sometimes I am brutally undeceived. For instance, I lately found in a magazine a scientific article by Mr. Grant Allen. I was so determined (for my boy had been explaining the properties of hydrogen to one of his sisters, who seemed to follow him) to master its contents that I read it (with thoughtful pauses) three times, and then I turned to a newspaper where the magazine was reviewed. Consider my annoyance when I read, "And there is also one of those mild science-and-water articles of Mr. Grant Allen's which ought really to be headed 'Food for Babes.'" My dear sir, I had read that article three times, *and it was too steep for me.*

I think I mentioned a minute ago that I was at Innsbruck last year. I often go to the Continent, and though the only foreign word I know is "How much?" I would enjoy myself were it not that the other travellers are all so well-informed. Do you understand how they get that train to go up Pilatus? It is as much a mystery to me as the telephone. Then the fellow sitting next you at dinner insists on telling you, as a good joke, something that the waiter said in German. You are forced to laugh idiotically, but in reality you are far from feeling amused. Worse almost than the casual acquaintances are the officers at the Custom House, who, instead of examining and chalking one's baggage quietly, pounce upon your stick of shaving-soap and point at it and jabber to you as if you were a criminal because you shaved.

I hope you don't know what literary style is. I never met a man who could not (and did not) tell me all about it, and where it differed from matter, and how the two things were really the same, though they should not be confused.

Now, will you accept my informal invitation to the club? (I would ask you to my house, but my wife might hear of it—and she is really very particular). Surely we could spend a pleasant evening together. If you are a philistine beyond all others, and I am the worst-informed man in the kingdom, we ought certainly to meet. If there are other persons like us (as I sometimes think), we can talk them over, and wonder whether they are in the circle of our own acquaintances. I daresay they would be delighted to join us and unbosom themselves. In any case, it would be a real pleasure to me to meet you, for your boldness in publishing your secret, though I cannot emulate it, fills me with admiration. I don't know what business you follow, but neither of us, it is evident (we are too plain-spoken), is a writing chap, so the meeting would be safe for both. What are you like in appearance? I am fifty years old, and perhaps rather insignificant-looking (how could it be otherwise?). I picture you as short and stout, with a rubicund face, half hidden in hair, but, of course, I may be mistaken. I wish you would come—7.30 on Wednesday. Don't dress.

THE WEEK.

THE American publishers are really beginning at last to "see themselves as others see them"—a result for which we venture to think we may take some credit to ourselves. The latest proof of their desire to dissever themselves from the discredit of piratical practices has been the introduction, at the beginning of "authorised" editions of English works, of lithographed *fac-simile* letters from the authors, stating that the publishers are legally entitled to produce the books. MR. JAMES PAYN'S delightfully quaint and puzzling handwriting has thus appeared within the last few weeks at the beginning of two volumes

published in the United States, one being his new novel "The Will and the Way," and the other his "Notes from the *News*."

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON has abandoned his project of visiting England during the present year, and has determined that for the present, at all events, he will not return to Europe. He has fixed his home at Apia, Samoa, and is engaged upon the important work describing his wanderings in the Pacific, of which mention has already been made. Would we could hear that he was devoting a portion of his spare time to another story like "The Master of Ballantrae," or to that sequel to "Kidnapped" which we have so long been awaiting! As it is, we may confidently expect that the author of "An Inland Voyage" will have lost none of his charm when dealing with a theme so full of interest and romance as the islands of the Pacific.

"BLEAK HOUSE" went through a railway collision; JOHN STUART MILL'S housemaid lit JOHN STUART MILL'S fire with the first volume of CARLYLE'S "French Revolution;" a terrier ate NEWTON'S "Principia"; MISS MARIE CORELLI left a manuscript in a cab; and quite a large number of authors have been stripped by pirates. These accidents attend the great, and MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON has come near to furnishing another example. He tells in a letter how he was cruising between Samoa and Auckland in search of health (for he has been ill again at Sydney), when his cabin caught fire. In the excitement his crew began to heave the burning furniture on deck, and toss it overboard. MRS. STEVENSON was just in time to save the box that contained her husband's MSS. from following the rest. It was dropped on deck, drenched with water, and saved. It held the work of many months, including the notes he has been compiling on the history of the island where he is about to settle.

FOR the traveller who observes the bookstalls as he goes, there is comfort in marking the popularity of the cheap edition of MR. HARDY'S novels now being issued by MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. It is proof positive, too, that the six-shilling volumes, so abominable in print and binding, were the result of a short-sighted error; and it does much to account for the public's tardiness in giving MR. HARDY his due admiration, at which so many of us have marvelled. The average Briton refuses to buy "A Laodicean" in its present form; and in so far as he turns publishers to better counsels he does well. It is true that the new volumes resemble the old "yellow-back" in almost everything but colour. Nevertheless they are fit to bind. We notice also that MR. HARDY'S first novel, "Desperate Remedies," is showing itself more boldly on the stalls. Though frowned upon by its author in an honest little preface, it is full of good things, of minute and curious glimpses into the heart of woman, such as one man only could give us; and, in our poor opinion, is well worthy of a place beside the works that follow it.

MR. WALTER BESANT, says the *Birmingham Post*, is full of his project of founding an authors' club in London for both sexes, and is even searching the Strand for fit premises. Of the similar club in New York there is an untrue story that a loud-voiced man once walked into the library and said "Plagiary;" and that the members present, with the exception of one blind man, went out and resigned in a body.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE series of "Thrums Gossips," of which so many readers of THE SPEAKER have expressed their appreciation during the past few months, has come to a close so far as this journal is concerned. But we are glad to say that when they are published by-and-by in book form, they will be accompanied by a large number of additional chapters, dealing with further episodes in the life of that inimitable humourist, Tammas Haggart. In the meantime, MR. BARRIE, who is residing at present in the little Forfarshire town which he has made known to fame, is engaged on a novel of the conventional length, which is to appear shortly in *Good Words*.

"FIVE Years with the Congo Cannibals," the publication of which, by special arrangement with MR. H. M. STANLEY, is delayed until October 15th, is the first attempt at describing the domestic and daily life of the savages of the far interior of Western Equatorial Africa. This work is the pen-and-pencil result of five years spent in their midst by MR. HERBERT WARD, one of the survivors of STANLEY'S ill-fated rear-guard, to whom MR. STANLEY wrote, after reading the proof-sheets of the work: "Such a book as yours would be interesting at any time." It will convey the fullest information yet published in regard to the famous Arab buccaneer TIPPO TIB and his surroundings. MR. WARD'S experience in Africa commenced in 1884, when he received an appointment in the service of the Congo Government, and subsequently, in 1887, he volunteered and became a member of MR. STANLEY'S EMIN PACHA Relief Expedition. The numerous illustrations, which are exceptionally fine, are reproduced from MR. WARD'S own drawings and photographs.

A *fac-simile* of a post-card in MR. GLADSTONE'S handwriting is prefixed to the latest volume of MR. ARROWSMITH'S Library. The work which it recommends to the public is called "Behind the Kafes." It is a sensational story of very considerable merit, in which we are allowed to take a peep into one of the harems of Stamboul. The story is well worth reading for its own sake; but it is also worthy of being studied for the reason which has induced MR. GLADSTONE to give it the sanction of his name—the light it throws upon the condition of the unfortunate female slaves of Constantinople.

A TABLET has just been placed on the house in Warwick Crescent which was for many years the London home of MR. BROWNING. Few minor reforms in metropolitan life have been more useful than that which has been accomplished by the society which has undertaken to indicate in this fashion the London houses which possess special interest of a literary or historical kind. There is still much work to be done by this society, however. The houses of an immense number of men and women of genius who have passed away are as yet undistinguished. When we at last complete the identification of all those houses, and have duly indicated them to the passer-by, we shall have done much to add to the interest of a walk in London.

ENGLISH character is a great puzzle to French novelists. In "Un Cœur de Femme" M. PAUL BOURGET takes no little pains with a certain Lord Herbert Bohun, who is supposed to represent the humour of his race. He does this by coining phrases about his fondness for the bottle. For example, when his friends inquire after his health, he replies that he enjoys an excellent thirst. There is a whole page of this desperate fun. M. ALPHONSE DAUDET is a little more amusing with his sketch of the English officer in a cocked-hat who orders Tartarin

and his friends to be put to the sword for daring to hoist their flag on a British island.

THE New York *Critic*, not satisfied with its competitive Academy of American "Immortals," has now called upon its readers to elect another Academy of "Immortelles"—the women of letters who in the opinion of the majority of the voters best deserve to be held in lasting honour.

MR. FLINDERS PETRIE has unearthed an ancient Egyptian scythe, and settled the question how the men of the Flint Age mowed their crops. The scythe has a long wooden handle, into which is firmly cemented a row of flint saws; and these saws account for many blades of flint, of a design hitherto unexplained, that have been turned up in Egypt and Palestine. The scythe is kept by MR. PETRIE in his private museum.

A CORRESPONDENT, who says he has taken advantage of the absence of the lawyers to prowl about the Temple a little, asks us whether the continued neglect of the tomb of GOLDSMITH is not something of a metropolitan scandal. "No one tends it," he says; "no one marks it. It moulders year by year in a dim corner of the Temple graveyard; and one-half of the brief legend on the shabby and decaying stone is scarcely now to be traced. It must have been a second-rate and most unworthy affair when first put up; it is a quite deplorable object at present. It should be re-made entirely; but if that be too costly a suggestion, let it be added that an outlay of five-and-twenty pounds would put a fair gloss of respectability on the poor little dwindling tomb. Might one venture to appeal to the publishers who are still making a good deal more money out of 'NOLL' than their predecessors ever allowed him to make out of them?"

MADAME BERNHARDT intends to widen the scope of her art. Harmless snakes from the forest of Fontainebleau will help her to represent the death of Cleopatra. But it is not likely that an actress of her temperament will long be content with a harmless reptile, and we expect to hear that she has added snake-charming to her varied accomplishments. Later on she may have a fancy for taming wild beasts on the stage, and then M. SARDOU will write a play in which the inexhaustible SARAH will thrill her audiences with feats which have hitherto belonged to the menagerie.

MR. JAMES RUNCIMAN, who keeps a severe eye on plagiarists, is much disturbed by some borrowings from MR. THOMAS HARDY'S story about a certain Countess of Wessex. It seems that a play by another hand has been founded on this tale, and MR. RUNCIMAN says that, if it is produced, there will be a "hullabaloo." As MR. HARDY is said to owe his plot less to his own invention than to a scandal in the history of a well-known county family in the West of England, the "hullabaloo" may be more general than MR. RUNCIMAN anticipates.

TRAVELLERS who have noticed that the tomb of JOHN KEMBLE at Lausanne had fallen into decay, will be glad to learn that it has been restored by a descendant, MR. HENRY KEMBLE, the comedian.

SOME of MR. SPURGEON'S illustrations need a little revision. He says that a preacher who saves a soul he has not aimed at is like a marksman in a shooting-gallery who hits the "centre" by a fluke. But surely the salvation of a soul is of more importance than the personal credit of a minister, and, as a sermon ought to have more effect than the preacher is likely to ascertain, there is no analogy between the shooting-gallery and the pulpit. MR. SPURGEON'S habit of telling a story whether it is appropriate or not, must sometimes have an unfortunate effect on the logic of his disciples.

ACCORDING to the military correspondent of the *Times*, one of the cavalry manœuvres led to something very like a repetition of Balaclava. This blunder provoked some lively comment from the foreign spectators, and everybody will be curious to see Inspector-General SIR DRURY LOWE'S report upon the incident. Will he give it in verse modelled on TENNYSON, or in prose after KINGLAKE? It is an interesting opportunity for literary distinction.

IT is disappointing to learn that the story of PRINCE GEORGE'S prowess at Montreal is the fabrication of an ingenious journalist. Royalty has so little opportunity of personal distinction that it was really refreshing to read how PRINCE GEORGE had knocked down three predatory ruffians. We are afraid now that there will be general scepticism about the other legend of his doughty deeds. He was said to have collared a boor who made himself obnoxious to a "hallelujah lass" at an open-air meeting in Clerkenwell. It is discouraging to be forced to the conviction that there is really nothing for a prince but a round of loyal dinners and addresses in gold boxes. The Montreal citizens were very angry with the ingenious journalist, but he seems to have been animated by the laudable ambition to make PRINCE GEORGE appeal to Canadians with something more "concrete," as the *St. James's Gazette* would say, than a mere symbol of constitutional monarchy.

LONDON is still full of Americans, but they are mostly of the unprofitable class. There are two distinct sorts of Americans who come to London, readily distinguished by hotel-keepers and shopmen. There are the wealthy ones, who spend lavishly; and the cheap ones, who drive bargains. The bargain-driving Yankee has become a by-word and a reproach amongst the West-end tradesmen. He strolls into a shop, as the British tippler lolls into a "bar," and spends half an hour or an hour "sampling things" which he has no intention of buying. He will turn over half the stock of a Piccadilly haberdasher, and end by purchasing a pair of cuffs or a collar. He "reckons" this is too dear, or "guesses" that "ain't good enough" for him; and he likes to have every counter-jumper in the place in attendance on him, and scowls at anybody else who expects to be waited on before he has doled out his shilling or half-crown. But he is well known now; and if an assistant who is rated by the shop-walker for devoting half an hour to a customer who bought nothing replies, "It was an American," the excuse is accepted at once.

THE Armada Memorial for Plymouth Hoe is in a fair way towards completion, and there is a chance of its being unveiled next month by the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. At present its base is a somewhat grotesque object on the sky-line as one approaches by sea, and we cannot think its position, side by side with BOEHM'S statue of DRAKE, is exactly a happy one. Upon the granite pedestal already erected is to be placed a figure of Britannia with the shield of the three crosses, a sword in her right hand and a trident in her left. The British lion is at her foot, and below are medallion portraits of Armada heroes, with their coats of arms, filling twelve panels. The front panel on the base will carry a bas-relief of the Armada's destruction, with the motto, "He blew with His wind and they were scattered." On either side of

this will be a statue—one of Valour, the other of Vigilance; and a series of shields, with the arms of the cities and men who did best service in that hour of need, will ornament the base.

FROM the description, the design would seem to want unity and originality. But it is said to be bold in execution; and the memorial at least is creditable to the patriotism which subscribed £4,800. The two statues of Valour and Vigilance cannot be finished for some time; but their gaps will be filled by two cannon of the period from the Woolwich Arsenal.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Did a lady walk up St. James's Street a week ago attended by an otter? I do not know; but twenty years ago I saw an otter delighted to attend an equally charming friend. The place, too, was at least equal to St. James's Street. It was where the Tay pours its broad flood through Dunkeld, the fragrant Birnam wood nodding all around, and the old cathedral resting, a mass of grey, on the carpet of green. A hundred yards or more above the ruin stood the house of a game-keeper, who also kept the ferry-boat on the river. It was a blazing August, and before crossing we begged a draught of milk. The keeper's daughter poured it from a foaming pitcher, and had the jug still in her hand when one of the most beautiful of living creatures leaped into her arms. With dark eyes, flashing teeth, sleek body, smooth skin, and infinite sinuosities of curving movement, the lithe young otter showered caresses upon his embarrassed mistress. Laughing and blushing, the Scotch girl stood like a rock, holding the milk at the full length of one arm, while with the other she in vain tried to defend lips and eyes and bosom from the riotous assault of her eager pet. All this was inside the cottage, and not twenty feet from the door rolled the river which, as the girl explained to us, was still the proper home of the wild thing that had learnt to love her. 'How long will this last?' we asked, as the beautiful beast, now at rest, blinked happily at us from within her strong arms. 'What do you say, father?' she in turn asked of the keeper. 'It will last,' he answered, 'till some fine morning he finds a wife for himself out there in the river. And then he will leave my daughter.' The displeasing prophecy broke up our lingering circle. The girl moved on to the river to pull our boat across by the rope. We—younger then than now—sent back many and admiring acknowledgments. But the last thing we saw was the otter—a young beast, no doubt, but, according to my recollection, about two feet long from snout to tail—now dancing in the stream before its mistress, its body quivering with the delight of living, and its eyes flashing with glee—till, at last, catching sight of the moving rope, it seized it in its white teeth, and with immeasurable delight seemed to itself to help her task once more!"

DAWN IN EXILE.

I AM a bankrupt by this petty war,
This play of pasteboard and of puppet wit,
Of Night for ever slinking to admit
A tiresome Morning in a tinsel car.
Is there no larger bribe to slip the bar
Than day, too dear at half we pay for it?
Has East no boon for us, no window lit
But by a theft upon the Western Star?

O Hesperus! O happy star!—to bend
O'er Helen's pillow in the trancéd West,
To watch the hours heave by upon her breast
And on her parted lip for dreams attend,—
If dawn defraud thee, how shall I be deemed,
Who house within that bosom, and am dreamed?

THE HOUSE OF POVERTY.

IT stands between the street and the harbour; a stone's-throw beyond the ferry and the archway where the toll-keeper used to live. You may know it by its exceeding dilapidation, and by the clouds of steam that issue on the street from one of its windows. The sill of the window stands a bare foot above the causeway, and glancing down into the room as you pass, you may happen to spy the shoulders of an old woman bending over a wash-tub. Three weeks ago there were two women. But the younger is dead.

They were Sarah and Ann Polgrain, mother and daughter, who occupied two rooms in the house and were twisted with rheumatic fever about once in every six months. For this they paid one shilling a week rent. If you lift the latch and push the front door open, you seem at first to be looking down a well: for a flight of thirty-two steps plunges straight from the threshold to the quay door, and a square of green water there. When the sun lies on the water at the bottom of this dim funnel it gives a pretty effect; but the cold wind that rushes up the stairway and into the steaming room where the wash-tubs stand will explain the rheumatic fever to you.

On the right of the stairway, facing Sarah Polgrain's door, is another, behind which lives a middle-aged man, who was once a sailor but now works on the jetties. He has one room and pays sixpence a week. The rest of the house is tenanted by a working block-maker with his wife and four children; a widow, and her son just returned from sea with an ailing chest; and a young couple who have no children as yet. But these do not come into the story.

Sarah Polgrain is sixty, or thereabouts, has a large pale face, and speaks slowly, which may come from her habit of carrying pins in her mouth. If any man had wanted to kiss her during the last thirty years (and it is unlikely), he would have found it difficult. She has been fighting starvation all her life, and wears her wretchedness more easily than she carries her limbs, because of the fever.

Her daughter, Ann, who died the other day at the age of thirty-five, was a very different woman—strenuous and restless, a rebel, half by nature and half by fortune. She married a man and loved him. He went to sea and was never heard of again. Thereupon Ann rebelled.

She said, "God has done this to me. I am no man, to go and revenge myself by breaking all the Commandments boldly; but I am a woman, and therefore can suffer. Let Him do His worst: I defy Him."

So she never set foot inside church again. And when the fever wrenched at her arms and hips as she stood by the wash-tub, she set her teeth and said, "I can stand it. I can match all this with contempt. He can kill, but that's not beating me."

Of course she was desperately foolish. Her mother, who knew as little as she why one human being suffers and another is glad, watched her with eyes full of trouble, and wondered that this daughter could not let the riddle go, and take life apathetically, as she herself took it. Her own phrase was—

"Oh, yes; the poor have hard measure, in these parts."

And this was just a formula, expressing plenty of conviction, but nothing more.

There was another person who watched Ann carefully during this period of her life—the middle-aged man who worked on the jetties. I do not know that he ever spoke to her beyond giving a "Good-morning" when they met on the stairway, or showed any particular interest except by knocking at her mother's door, and inquiring about her once a day, whenever she was down with the fever. But he watched her, from time to time, with eyes screwed up after the fashion of men who have been much at

sea, and lips softly whistling a tune. The tune was always the same—that which they call the "Riding-song of Troy," a local air that the fife-and-drum band plays on Feast-day. The man was a native of the port, and it was understood that he and Ann had been pretty well acquainted before he went off on his first voyage.

One day, when Ann was sitting out after a bad attack, the penultimate one as it turned out, he put his head in at the door and nodded.

"Can you hold out?" he asked, as if it were an ordinary question.

"Yes," answered Ann, "I can suffer. What else have I been trained to?"

She looked around the room as she spoke. Old Sarah, who was wringing out a nightgown, not at all viciously, turned on the man and inquired—

"What is that to you?"

The man pursed up his mouth to whistle, but paused a moment as if waiting for Ann to say more.

"Don't be feared," she assured him, "I'm not to be beat."

He took his head out of the doorway, and went off whistling.

When the end came Ann had no hard struggle. Perhaps God is accustomed to be defied by men; at any rate, He never gave a kinder death. She fell into unconsciousness, breathed quietly for a couple of hours, and slept at last as if she had never known a rebellious thought. The door of the middle-aged man was standing ajar when her mother went to announce that it was over.

"Dead?" he asked, lifting his eyebrows.

The old woman uttered a tearless sob and fell back on her formula.

"Ah, the poor have hard measure, in these parts!"

He pulled over the one chair in the room, fixed its rickety leg and made her sit in it, then he took a turn around the room whistling his old tune, and halted at last in front of her.

"You mind the *Harvest Maid*—her that was wrecked in the Gulf o' Florida?"

"How shu'd I? We've other things to mind, hereabouts."

"No, I s'pose you wudn': on'y I reckoned you might ha' heard the name. She was a Liverpool vessel, a fruit-ship, an' I sailed my third an' last voyage in her. I was the on'y man aboard from this port; the rest came from Lord knows where. Well, she went on a rock, an' me an' five others was picked off, an' taken care of, an' found our way at last to New Or-leens—I wonder you never heard o' all this, me an' Ann bein' so friendly in times past, afore she gave me the right-about-face."

"Well, I didn'."

"Don't go: but keep your seat. Well, me an' my mates found ourselves in a hell, there, one night—a sort o' capperouse, ha'af drink and ha'af cards. There was a lot o' singin', too, an' by'n-by I struck up wi' the old Ridin'-song, bein' the on'y song I knew; when, afore you cou'd say 'knife,' up starts a chap at the far end o' the room, by the counter where the bottles an' glasses was, an' runs out o' the place. By my body, his face was sick and sick. I can see en now amongst all the 'baccy smoke an' gilding, framed like death. That was Dick."

"Dick!"

"Ann's husband—your son-in-law—him that we reckoned drowned. I never saw en agen: but I learnt enough from the bar-keeper to make Ann, that's lyin' i' the next room, start up in her clay-cold flesh."

There was a pause, and the old woman said heavily—

"I thank 'ee kindly for keepin' this from Ann. 'Twud ha' broke her. You've been oncommon kind."

The man, who had fallen to pacing the room anew, wheeled round.

"You old fool!" he cried. "Do 'ee think 'twas for *that* I kep' silence? Look here, an' let me speak the stark truth. Your daughter, Ann, did me evil. I offered to be her man an' she wudn'. Well, when I sees Dick out there, livin' his vile life, thinks I, 'I'll say nothin'. Ann 'll give en up for lost, an' by'n-by some new man 'll set eyes on her. Then,' says I, 'her banns 'll be called in church, an' I'll be quits that hour wi' Ann Polgrain.'"

He turned to continue his walk, and, after a moment, added more softly—

"But Ann was more than I reckoned her, you see, an' knocked my plan to flinders. Who'd ha' dreamt of her floutin' Providence as she did?"

But there was no answer. The old woman had crept from the room, and silence fell on the House of Poverty. Q.

AUSTRALIAN FINANCE.

MELBOURNE, August 4th, 1890.

DURING the past month Parliament has been worrying over the Government Railway Bill, and though other subjects have been discussed, nothing else has really been thought of, so that virtuous politicians declare the House to be demoralised. The curious upshot is, that while the Bill is savagely denounced, and has few very warm friends, the Government is on the whole stronger than when the discussion began. The secret of the unpopularity is simple. Scarcely a man gets as much as he wanted for his district, and many get nothing at all. At first the idea was to supplement the work of the Ministry without throwing out the Bill. A Caucus of members from both sides of the House met together for several days, took an engagement of loyalty to one another, and drew up a list of additional railways which ought to be constructed. Even before the Caucus had finished its labours this list was already discredited. Discontented members wanted 4,000 miles more than Mr. Gillies had given, and the Caucus, sobered by the responsibilities of its self-imposed task, only saw its way to recommend 400. The Premier knew where to resist, and where to give way. He refused to give any weight to the Caucus recommendations, but prepared a supplementary list of his own, adding 300 more miles; and the English creditor is to be reconciled to this new expense by a proviso that not more than two millions shall be expended in any given year. Under this programme, it will take seven years at least before any district left out of the present scheme can be accommodated.

It need hardly be said that the disappointment is great; and yet the necessity for husbanding our resources is so well understood that no one dares to talk of a larger loan. There is, however, a general feeling that our engineers are too conservative, and that in many parts of the country the wants of the settlers might be supplied for many years by tramways or lines of the American type, with light earthworks, light rails, and light rolling-stock, and without fences or stations. It so happens that a tramway of this kind has been successfully inaugurated in a district where there were no engineering difficulties, and has stood the test of a month's traffic. Accordingly it is proposed to take evidence before a Select Committee of the House as to the feasibility of extending this plan indefinitely; and the Premier has already declared himself willing to increase the advance of £2,000 a mile, which a district making a tramway may now claim, to £3,000. I confess to regarding this concession with considerable apprehension. The builders of State railways are responsible to Parliament, and the directors of private companies to their shareholders; but the responsibility of a shire-council constructing a railway with a Government subsidy is an unknown quantity. If the works are left incomplete, or are finished so roughly as to be useless in a year's time, I take it the long-suffering State will have to come to the rescue and complete and run the lines. It may easily happen that railways contracted for at £3,000 a mile will ultimately cost more

than if the official estimate of £7,000 or £8,000 had been accepted. In this case, what now seems the advantage of getting double the mileage will have been dearly purchased.

However, the Railway Bill has been interrupted by the Budget. It is not a sensational one this year; but it is eminently satisfactory, telling an uniform tale of well-sustained progress. In deference to the criticisms that were made last year on our traditional method of book-keeping, the Premier has on this occasion credited the last year with all expenditure that was actually made, though it may not have been authorised by Parliament. In spite of this, he brings over a balance of £465,747 from last year, and expects to take over £67,093 to next year. As Mr. Gillies has always hitherto under-estimated his surplus, and allows for a falling off in Customs, which many think problematical, the chances are that he is on the safe side. The anticipated falling off in the receipts from railways, in consequence of the construction of new lines, will be provided for out of revenue; and we are to economise £420,000 on the amount spent last year on roads and bridges, light-houses and defence works. Even so, our expenditure on these objects will amount to nearly three-quarters of a million, independent of about half as much which we divide every year among the local bodies as a subsidy. If the English creditor ever has to foreclose upon our territory, he will find that it has been liberally developed by money raised in taxes among ourselves, as well as by the capital for which we have gone to Lombard Street.

While I am on the subject of Victorian finance, let me allude to a matter in which we are deeply interested, and in which we think that we have not been very well treated by the Imperial Government. We applied some years ago to the Home authorities for an Act to legalise the investment of Trust funds in colonial securities. The matter has been hung up ever since. We did not grumble at first, as we knew that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was busy converting consols; and it was only natural that he should object to creating a rival security, in which those who elected to be paid off might invest. That objection, however, has long ceased to be operative. The pretext sometimes put forward that the British bondholder could not recover against a Colonial Government is too flimsy to bear examination. The Bank of England suspended cash payments for more than twenty years during the great war and afterwards, and the English holder of Bank-notes had no remedy; but the inconvenience was found very tolerable, because it was known that the State would ultimately redeem its engagements. As matters stand, no one anticipates even a temporary suspension of colonial credit; but if we should overborrow, or be crippled by a war, self-interest would constrain us to tax ourselves and realise on every available security, that we might not lose the command of British capital. We could administer our own insolvent estate far more efficiently and economically than any foreign creditor under a judgment of Court. Just now some of us are feeling a little cynical satisfaction over events in South America. We hold that if national character be taken into account as the true foundation of credit, there has been no time when the poorest Australian colony ought not to have been able to borrow on three times as good terms as Brazil or the Argentine Confederation. The wealthy firms which engineer loans for those half-civilised States, are of course justified in doing the best they can for their clients; but we think the British Government might fairly introduce a measure which would raise the value of Colonial stocks, and which would at the same time allow the numerous holders of trust-funds to get higher interest for their money. Mr. Goschen is popularly believed to be the only obstacle to the adoption of a scheme in which English legists and statesmen generally appear to see no particular difficulty.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—"E. D." supposes that he has found differences of opinion on this question among those who profess to follow Mr. Gladstone. But, when he comes to state what these differences are, he points to questions of the future relations of the several parts of the Empire. But these questions have nothing whatever to do with the next Home Rule Bill; they are connected with matters that will not arise until after the Bill is passed.

It is notorious that no two statesmen could be found who differ more completely as to the future relations of the several parts of the Empire than Lord Rosebery and Mr. John Morley. Lord Rosebery has said that he cares more for the continued unity of the Empire than for any other political object; and it is well known that Mr. John Morley desires the Empire to break up into a number of independent States as eagerly as did the late Mr. John Bright; yet Lord Rosebery and Mr. John Morley agreed upon Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1886; and there was nothing illogical or disingenuous in their doing so, for they saw that their paths would diverge after, and not before, the full recognition of Ireland's nationality had been obtained.

What we want to make up our minds upon is, how are we to recognise Irish nationality in a way that will completely satisfy the Irish people and at the same time will not seriously injure the other parts of the Empire? I again contend, what I have already contended in your columns, that the plan Mr. Gladstone holds out, and which the Liberal party supports him in, is nothing less than the old Bill of 1886 *plus* the retention of the Irish members; and I again quote as evidence that I am right in this contention, Mr. Gladstone's own words published in the *Daily News* of the 2nd of August last:—"The changes in the plan of Home Rule on which Mr. Caine has formed his own judgment, as he is entitled to do, are those only which have been stated very fully in speeches made long ago by myself and probably others."

If any further changes are to be made in the plan of 1886, I submit that they ought to be in the direction of extending and not of curtailing the powers of the Irish Parliament. For the only politicians who have declared themselves to be doubtful as to whether they would support Home Rule or not, are those who desired the retention of the Irish members; and if this retention is the effective condition they suppose, they at least can have no reason for putting any limit whatever to the powers of the Irish Parliament over Irish affairs.

Mr. J. Colquhoun Reade, however, still implies that he has some further scruple; and I again submit that he is not dealing fairly with the party to which he professes to belong, in refusing to tell us what it is.—I remain, yours faithfully,

E. J. C. MORTON.

Home Rule Union, 9, Bridge Street, S.W.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, Sept. 19th, 1890.

"When that Aprille, with his showrës swoot,
The drought of March hath pierced to the root,
. . . . . .
Then longen folk to gon on pilgrimages."

BUT we cannot all always go on pilgrimages where and when we would, and when circumstances keep us at home, it is a relief to speak of places that we would gladly visit if we could. When we cannot see green fields, it is pleasant to babble of them. With your permission I should like to babble for a little about a place I have long wished to see—the island of St. Kilda—and to say why it is a place of interest for the literary pilgrim.

This is how Collins sings of St. Kilda, in his Ode on the superstitions of the Highlands:—

"But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main."

This is doubtless as true now as it was a hundred and fifty years ago. St. Kilda is the westernmost of the Hebrides. It is the most isolated of our Western Islands. All through the winter its small population are cut off from all communication with the mainland. A few tourist steamers touch there

in the course of the summer season. Every now and then one sees a Post Office announcement that a mail will be despatched to St. Kilda on a certain date—as if it were a forlorn island in the Pacific.

St. Kilda—I don't suppose that many people have strong literary associations with the name. And yet the lone island—"placed far amid the melancholy main"—has several curious points of attachment to our literary history. Martin's "Voyage to St. Kilda" is the first notable book of travels in Scotland. An expanded version of this book—Martin's "Western Islands"—fell into Samuel Johnson's hands when he was a boy, and first roused the curiosity which was finally satisfied by his famous Tour. The same book inspired Collins's Ode, from which I have just quoted. Boswell at one time thought of buying St. Kilda—the highest possible compliment to its notoriety. Dr. Johnson strongly advised him to do so, and offered to be his Lord Chancellor; but the project fell through. Macaulay's great-uncle wrote—or, at least, put his name to—a book about St. Kilda, bad enough in some respects to avenge by anticipation Macaulay's onslaught on Johnson's biographer.

The fact is, that it is not too much to say that Martin's "Voyage to St. Kilda" was the germ of the romantic interest in Scotland. Its influence, direct and indirect, was out of all proportion to its literary merits. It kept curiosity about Scottish Highlanders and Islanders alive for several generations, and told eventually, through a curious train of circumstances, on Sir Walter Scott. The fortunes of Martin's book are a curious instance of how great things and small hang together in the web of events.

Martin made his voyage in the year 1797. Once a year the Steward of St. Kilda sailed there to collect his dues. Remote as the island was, it paid rent to a Macleod of Skye. Martin went with him. At that time there was a great revival of pastoral poetry, signalised, among other things, by Dryden's translation of Virgil. Martin was a scholarly man, and saw the St. Kildans through the spectacles of the pastoral poets. He found in the small community—180 souls all told—a realisation of the Golden Age, a people of primitive simplicity and virtue, unacquainted with the use of gold and silver, free from the luxuries and the vices of civilisation, a temperate race of fishers and fowlers, generous, hospitable, fond of music, poetry, and dancing, their ambition limited to feats of courage and dexterity in rock-climbing.

Martin's picture of the interesting St. Kildans was so well received that he expanded it in a second edition into a description of the Western Islands generally. Here he touched the ground of romance. It was from him that Englishmen got their first ideas about the Scottish Highlanders, soon after forced into notice by the Jacobite risings—their patriarchal clan system, their loyalty to their chiefs, their savage feuds, their picturesque superstitions, their seers, and their bards. Martin was a pioneer of Macpherson.

But he rendered a greater service to literature when he inspired Collins's Ode, and through it helped to kindle the genius of Scott. The Scotland of the Ode, "fancy's land," the genial nurse of the poetic child, whose every vale "shall prompt the poet and his song demand," is the Scotland of Martin's description, transfigured by a true poet's imagination. All the popular superstitions "considered" by Collins as "the subject of poetry," and recommended as such to his friend Home, were drawn from Martin's "Western Islands."

It was Home, the author of *Douglas*—the now forgotten hero concerning whom his proud countryman asked, "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?"—whom Collins charged to take his themes from the popular legends of his native land.

> "Proceed, in forceful sounds and colours bold,
> The native legends of thy land rehearse;
> To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse."

Home did not obey his friend's invocation; perhaps he was not strong enough; but by a happy accident the message intended for him was delivered to a stronger poet at a moment when that poet was predisposed to hear.

Collins's Ode, a potent factor in the romantic movement, had a romantic history which has not attracted as much attention as it deserves. It was not published till long after its unhappy author's death. It was for a long time supposed to be lost. In his Life of Collins, Johnson relates how the Wartons called upon the poet one day after his mind began to be clouded, and how he read to them, among other poems, an Ode on the superstitions of the Highlands, inscribed to Home, the author of *Douglas*; that this poem was not found among his papers at his death, and that Home had lost his copy of it. Thirty years after the death of Collins, Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, reading this passage in Johnson, suddenly bethought him that he had seen such a poem among the papers of a deceased friend of Home's and his own, which had come into his hands. He made search, and found the Ode in the handwriting of Collins—the original draft, apparently, with the author's deletions and changes, and here and there the place of an epithet or a rhyme left blank. A whole page of the MS., containing a stanza and a half, was missing.

Home, apparently, had carried the MS. north with him after his visit to England in 1749, and lent it to a friend. The Ode was read by Dr. Carlyle to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784, and was printed in their Transactions in 1788, and thence copied into the *Scots Magazine*, and thus made public. The blanks in the MS. were filled up by Carlyle and Henry Mackenzie, but their completions were carefully indicated in the print, so that this version of the poem is more trustworthy than the edition published afterwards in the same year under the countenance of the Wartons.

By this curious chance Collins's Ode was recovered. It was reserved to be a nine days' talk for the *literati* of Edinburgh, at a time when the Modern Athens was an active literary centre. And moving among the *literati* of the time, a modest listener to their talk, sharing their interests with the intensity of genius was a youth on whom the exhortation address... to Home fell as seed on prepared ground. Walter Scott was then seventeen, but already an enthusiastic collector of popular ballads.

> "Proceed, in forceful sounds and colours bold,
> The native legends of thy land rehearse!"

It was as if the exhortation had been kept back till it could fall with opportune force on a mind prepared to hear, understand, and act. It is a curious instance of accident serving the purpose of Destiny in literature. There is not a superstition mentioned in Collins's Ode that Scott did not embody in poem or romance. It was a striking prophecy, and it is stranger still if it did not help its own fulfilment.

All this grew out of St. Kilda. Scotland owes a debt to her little neighbour. If the lonely island and its strange folk had not attracted "M. Martin, Gent.," as he styled himself on his title-page, we should not have had Collins's Ode. If the Ode had not been written or not recovered—I do not say we should have had no Sir Walter, but the Ode came opportunely to "spur the sides of his intent."

W. M.

REVIEWS.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION AND POLITICS OF GERMANY.

ÉTUDES SUR L'ALLEMAGNE POLITIQUE. Par André Lebon. Paris: E. Plon. 1890.

IT is a singular instance of the indifference felt in England for constitutional inquiries in general, and for the study of contemporary foreign politics, that no book exists in English treating with adequate knowledge and thoroughness of the character and working of the Government of the Germanic Empire. This Empire is one of the most remarkable creations of our time, whether we regard it as a new species of constitutional monarchy, much more monarchical than the English or Belgian or Italian, or as a new kind of federation, differing from the familiar type which America and Austro-Hungary present. M. André Lebon, one of that trained band of publicists and teachers whom M. Boutmy has gathered round him in the École Libre des Sciences Politiques at Paris, gives us in this small but well-filled volume a clear and succinct account of the political events which led up to the establishment of the Empire in 1871, and a sketch both of its constitution and of that of the Prussian Kingdom. His style has less brightness and finish than M. Boutmy's, and the manner of treatment is altogether practical, tending to dryness, and eschewing personal pictures or philosophical reflections. However, the matter derives an interest from the confidence which the accuracy and thoroughness of the author's method inspire (not to dwell on such small errors as calling the late Sovereign the *Emperor* Frederick III.). He has made a careful study of the topic; he writes in a scientific spirit, showing little signs of French resentment against the invaders of 1870.

M. Lebon holds that the present Germanic constitution is destined to a short life. He points to the very abnormal relations of the Prussian Kingdom and Landtag to the German Empire and Reichstag. He shows that a system which creates a strong popular assembly, largely democratic in its character, yet refuses it the control of many important affairs, can work only because there is a willingness to yield to the Sovereign, and allow his personal authority to prevail. He shows also that this submissiveness, though partly due to tradition, and largely due to the long ascendency of one vigorous mind and iron will, is mainly due to the alarm which the existence of two great and unfriendly Powers on their eastern and western borders inspires in the German people. Such a singular combination of circumstances cannot last many years. Already the downfall of Bismarck from power, and the appearance of William the Second as an actually ruling as well as reigning monarch, has altered the position. The advances of the Liberals or "Freisinnige Partei," as well as of the Socialists, further threaten that system of governing by a combination of Conservative and Monarchical parties which has prevailed for the last fifteen years.

It may safely be concluded that at the end of the next thirty years the constitution and government of Germany will have vastly altered from internal causes, even should no great war with France or Russia disturb the territorial position of the Empire. M. Lebon, who writes as a scientific constitutionalist, not as a political prophet, ventures on no prediction, but one gathers his view to be that the monarchical principle is likely to decline, rather than to grow. He is profoundly impressed by the increase of Socialistic strength, and conceives that the ideas which move this party are now becoming more potent than the idea of nationality.

"Dans cette armée socialiste qui avance pas à pas, mais dont il est encore impossible d'apprécier exactement la force, réside le secret de l'avenir politique de l'Allemagne. Nulle part la 'démocratie sociale' ne s'est aussi puissamment organisée, aussi rapidement developpée; nulle part elle ne se heurte à moins d'obstacles sérieux. Tout lui profite: et les doctrines prussiennes sur l'État, et l'unité allemande, et l'autonomie municipale, et la caserne. Lassalle, il ne faut pas l'oublier, a été l'un des premiers inspirateurs de M. de Bismarck; les héritiers du socialiste commanderont quelque jour peut-être aux successeurs du chancelier. L'unité germanique ne se soutient aujourd'hui que par la crainte de l'étranger; mais cette crainte même s'use avec le temps, par les appels trop répétés qu'y font les gouvernants. N'est-il pas vraisemblable que l'unité ne sera vraiment fondée que si le courant des revendications sociales passant sur l'Allemagne entière, rompt les frêles digues derrières lesquelles s'abritent encore le particularisme et l'absolutisme des princes, et opére la fusion des éléments si disparates de l'Empire?"

In our view, which is not quite that of M. Lebon, it is not so much in alterations of the federal arrangements of Germany, as in a re-settlement of the Parliamentary system, and a shifting of the governing forces of the nation, that the coming changes will consist. The constitution of the Empire as it has hitherto stood has been largely due to the predominance of a single strong-willed statesman, who, resting upon the undeviating support of an aged Sovereign, and profiting by the divisions of his opponents, was permitted to govern almost as a virtual dictator. Now that he has quitted the scene, the cohesion of the fabric has been sensibly weakened. It may be that for some time to come the difficulty of getting together a permanent Parliamentary majority—the Reichstag being still broken up into sections, none of which amounts to one half of the whole—may retard the full establishment of Parliamentary government. Still, the tide seems likely to run in that direction; and future Ministers are less likely to attempt to openly defy the representatives of the people than Bismarck more than once showed himself, and showed himself with impunity.

ADAM SEDGWICK.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ADAM SEDGWICK. Two vols. Cambridge. 1890.

THIS is a colossal book, conceived, executed, and published gigantically. Interesting as much of it is, we feel it our duty to protest against its size. Were the life of individual man as prolonged in its duration as a geologic period, then might the biography of a Woodwardian Professor of Geology lawfully extend to two stout volumes octavo; but under the present dispensation, with our poor threescore years and ten, our frequent hours of depression and ill-health, our occasional journeys in far countries, our too numerous duties, and our impetuous publishers, the thing is not lawful, but an outrage. It is a pity too, for "Old Sedge," as grey-headed men were wont to call him in their "salad days," was a fine stout-hearted Yorkshireman, who fired the imagination and talked much sense and excellent nonsense in his day, which was a long one. A life of him in one slim volume would have travelled far, been widely read, and done much good. Yorkshiremen would have bought it, Cambridge men all the world over would have bought it, geologists would have bought it, East Anglia would have added it to its library, and so on—but as it comes from the hands of Messrs. Clark and Hughes it will find a permanent resting-place in few private houses. There is no truth more generally recognised or more shamefully neglected than that a great book is a great evil. Mr. Clark admits with much candour that Sedgwick was too discursive, not to say long-winded, as a lecturer, but he has not remembered that what is only venial sin in a lecturer is mortal in a biographer.

We have no quarrel with the seventy pages that tell the tale, often in Sedgwick's own graphic words, of his birth and boyhood in Dent, in the parish of Sedbergh. The Yorkshire dales are better worth writing about than even Trinity College, Cambridge. Sedgwick's account of the manners and customs of the dalesmen is most delightful and valuable, and as he first "cried out" in the Vicarage of Dent on the 22nd of March, 1785, his excellent memory carried him back some way. In his old age he loved to dwell upon the life that used to be led in these

remote places. Indeed, he dwelt upon it with as much delight in old age as, in his early manhood, he had shrunk with horror from the thought of being doomed to live it himself. In 1871 he wrote: "More than once, while writing this letter, my eyes have been filled with tears while the dark shade of thought was passing over my mind—that I might never again be cheered by the sight of my dear native dale and the home of my childhood." In 1807 he had written: "My sorrow, indeed, was in a good measure selfish (few of our sorrows are otherwise), for if my father's sight should continue to decline, a fixed residence in Dent must be my inevitable lot. This situation of all others I should dislike. Little as I have seen of the world, I have seen enough to find that to me no pleasures are to be found in illiterate solitude. These thoughts are to me too gloomy to dwell upon." There is no inconsistency here. The restlessness of youth and the backward-reaching thoughts of age account for it all. But when Sedgwick lamented, as he was accustomed to do, the declining population of his native dale, he might have remembered that restlessness is not confined to young Cambridge graduates.

Adam's father, Richard Sedgwick, had no quarrel with his native Dent, but found it—through a long, happy, and godly life—a sufficient theatre for his actions. He was born there in 1736, and educated at the Dent Grammar School till he was fifteen. He afterwards enjoyed a few months' instruction in mathematics from the celebrated John Dawson, of whom there is both an interesting account and an admirable portrait in these volumes; and then, in 1756, proceeded to Catharine Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated seventh in the second class of the Tripos, in 1760. In 1768 he became Vicar of Dent, where he died in 1822.

Adam himself was educated at Sedbergh Grammar School, and went to Trinity College as a sizar in 1804. He also read with Mr. Dawson. There was some talk of his being Senior Wrangler, an honour which that year was reserved for Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale, Sedgwick being Fifth Wrangler. This was in the year 1808. Two years afterwards he was elected a Fellow of Trinity.

His Cambridge life before his professorship does not appear to have been happy. He did not enjoy teaching mathematics; he would have liked to have gone to the Bar. Though troubled with no doubts, he had no turn for theology, yet Holy Orders stared him in the face. He never seems to have read any divinity worth speaking of—indeed, he does not seem to have been much of a reader. "Boswell's Johnson," "Gil Blas," and "Clarissa Harlowe," are almost the only books of general literature mentioned in the whole course of this biography. His health was far from strong. Altogether it was a doleful time.

In 1818 Sedgwick was ordained priest, and in a happy hour elected Woodwardian Professor of Geology. He knew no geology, and had never given the subject a thought; but that did not matter. In 1818 geology was not what it is now. Sedgwick's only real opponent was Mr. Gorham, for whom Destiny had allotted another avenue to fame. Gorham found old Bishop Philpotts, of Exeter, a hard rock to crack, but he cracked him all the same, and not only him, but, in the opinion of Archdeacon Manning, the Church of England too. Surely enough for one man to do! But in 1818 Mr. Gorham thought it very hard that a graduate, who admitted that he knew nothing about the subject, should be preferred to him, whilst he "had been studying geology for a long time." Sedgwick is reported to have said that "Gorham has not the slightest chance against me, for I know absolutely nothing of geology, whereas he knows a good deal—but it is all wrong." Mr. Gorham, however, attributed his defeat to the fact that he was a member of a small College with an unpopular and Methodistical head, Dr. Milner, whilst his opponent belonged to Trinity. This is no doubt the true explanation.

Anyhow, it was a lucky thing for Cambridge, Geology, and Sedgwick, when Mr. Gorham, that careful student, was rejected, and the ignoramus, Adam Sedgwick, elected to the chair, which he held from 1818 to 1873.

It is after this point that the enormous length of the biography begins to make itself felt otherwise than physically by the reader. The book was always heavy to hold: it now becomes heavy to read. It begins to be crowded with detail of an insignificant character. College life seldom bears telling. When Dr. Wordsworth, to the amazement of mankind, resigned the Mastership of Trinity, Sedgwick had a possible claim to the position; but Dr. Whewell was undoubtedly the fittest man for the place, and, what is more to the purpose, actually got it. His letter to Sedgwick announcing the fact, and the latter's reply, were honourable to both. On the whole, the two men, fierce as they were, got on very well; they both wished to do the best they could for old Trinity and the cause of education. They quarrelled occasionally. Sedgwick kept a dog in College, contrary to the regulations, and Whewell wrote to him, reminding him of the Statutes, Cap. XX., and Sedgwick waxed exceeding wrath. Sedgwick wished the British Association invited to Cambridge, and Whewell did not wish to see it there. Either of these things was quite enough for a lifelong feud *inter sylvas Academi*, but they both blew over.

Sedgwick was a manly liberal-minded politician and University reformer. He had a hearty hatred of Popery in all its branches; and when he heard of Newman's secession, he cried shame upon him for having put it off so long; but, for all that, he was in favour of Catholic Emancipation. He was a good Churchman, but heard Robert Hall preach in the Baptist Meeting House in St. Andrew's Street, and writing in 1868 says, "I have listened with admiration to many orators in the two Houses of Parliament, and to many good and heart-moving preachers, but I never heard one who was in my mind on the same level with Robert Hall." The sturdy dalesman thought it no sin to go to a conventicle. From the first he favoured the admission of Nonconformists to the University, and as far back as 1834 petitioned Parliament to remove the religious test prior to admission to degrees, thereby incurring the lugubrious disapproval of the poet Wordsworth, who declared his conviction that the petitioners were "misguided men." Sedgwick's Liberalism as a party-badge wore out at last, but to the end he remained a manly patriot, a hater of holes and corners, and one who desired nothing for himself, or his friends, or his faiths, but a fair field and no favour. Had he left off believing in God, he would have said so, testifies one who knew him well.

He had no foresight, scientific or political. It was quite unnecessary and unkind to print his forebodings as to the military despotism which in his opinion was inevitable if the Northerners beat the Southerners in the great Secession War. He talked the common talk of "educated men" of the period, and his talk should have shared the darkness from which it sprang, and into which it has long since again descended.

As a lecturer on his subject Sedgwick had great merits and grave faults. Here is his own account of a lecture—of one of the later ones, no doubt:—

"My lecture went off well, and it lasted more than an hour and a half. I did all or nearly all that I wished to do. My lungs are sound and good, and my young men gave me a very animated greeting. I recapitulated, pointed out the proofs of wisdom and design through all Nature, and its subordination to law: enlarged on the folly of the Darwinian theory, and its inevitable tendency to rank Materialism; and, partly by quotations from Newton, Bacon, Hooker, and the Bible, showed the manner in which natural science might be wedded to moral conclusions."

The list of the Professor's works at the end of the second volume is of formidable length: but it will

not, we think, be denied that General Sabine, in awarding the Copley Medal to Sedgwick in 1863, reserved to the very end of his speech the Professor's best claim for our gratitude. The General's speech concluded thus:—

"It is not only by written documents that knowledge and a taste for its acquirement are disseminated, and those who have had the good fortune to attend Professor Sedgwick's lectures, or may have enjoyed social intercourse with him, will testify to the charm and interest he frequently gives to geology by the happy mixture of playful elucidations of the subject with the graver and eloquent exposition of its higher principles and objects."

Sedgwick died in his rooms at Trinity in 1873. He was lucky in this—that Dean Stanley was, on the Sunday after his death, the select preacher before the University. It remains only to say that this biography has an ideally good index.

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA.

THE TUDOR LIBRARY: "GIOVANNI PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA." London: David Nutt. 1890.

EVERY lover of rare books, and of our old literature, must be grateful to Mr. Nutt for his new edition of Sir Thomas More's "Life of Pico della Mirandola." It is reproduced, says the editor, "from a small black-letter quarto in the British Museum, printed about 1510." This volume was practically unobtainable, and it is now carefully edited and republished. "The old spelling and, as far as possible, the old punctuation have been retained, though in many places it has been necessary to alter the latter in order to avoid intolerable harshness or obscurity." It may be as the editor asserts, but it is at least open to question whether the old punctuation, with all its faults, is not more scholarly than our modern neglect of punctuation, and whether there is not more of music in the old English than in the harsher phrases which our century employs.

The Life of Pico della Mirandola was written in Latin by his nephew, Giovanni Francesco Pico, and it was turned into English by Sir Thomas More. The title of the old edition is as follows:—"Here is conteyned the Lyfe of Johan Picus Erle of Myrandula, a grete Lorde of Italy: an excellent connynge Man in all Sciences and verteous of Lyvynge. With dyvers Epystles and other Werkes of ye said Johan Picus full of grete Science, Vertue, and Wysedome, whose Life and Werkes bene worthy and dygne to be redde and often to be had in Memorye." Under the title is engraved a Crucifix, with the instruments of the Passion. The colophon says: "Emprynted at London in the Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne, by me Wynkyn de Worde."

It is this old edition of which Mr. Pater speaks: it "seemed worthy, for some touch of sweetness in it, to be translated out of the original Latin by Sir Thomas More, that great lover of Italian culture;" and Mr. Pater doubtless found an original copy in his library at Brasenose. Now, thanks to Mr. Nutt's enterprise and taste, it may once more be read "in its quaint, antiquated English," by a larger body of admirers. That Pico has a large body of admirers, is due in no small degree to Mr. Pater's charming essay. He still comes to us, in the exquisite pages of "The Renaissance," as he came to Ficino, some four centuries ago; "a young man fresh from a journey, of feture and shappe semely and beauteous, of stature goodly and hyghe, of flesshe tendre and softe; his vysage lovely and fayre, his colour white entermengled with comely ruddy, his eyen gray and quicke of loke, his teth white and even, his heere yelowe and not to be piked;" that is, not elaborately trimmed; "flavo et inaffectato capillitio," are the words of the Latin biography.

Pico is given by Dr. Johnson as an example of those who have had great fame in their own day and little with posterity. But, in addition to the interest which Mr. Pater has revived, Pico has a curious interest for innumerable minds in this age of ours. His attempt to reconcile religion and philosophy, his equal admiration for Humanism and for Catholicism, his free thought, and his irresistible attraction to the Church—these make him not only a representative scholar of the fifteenth century, but a type of many cultivated and gentle thinkers in the nineteenth. And, to these cultivated readers, Sir Thomas More's "quaint, antiquated English" should be no less welcome than his "Life of Pico della Mirandola," with Mr. Pater's undoubted "touch of sweetness in it."

A SHORT LIFE OF AKBAR THE GREAT.

RULERS OF INDIA: AKBAR. By Col. G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1890.

AKBAR, third of that famous line of Mogul Sovereigns who ruled Northern and Central India for two centuries in reality, and whose nominal rights were not extinguished till 1857, is, after Mohammed himself, the most striking and interesting figure in Mussulman history. Few men of any age or country have united in equally successful measure, the gifts of the conqueror, the organiser, and the philosophic statesman. When little more than thirteen years of age he was called to the throne of wide dominions, but dominions of which many provinces were in revolt, while the throne itself was disputed by adverse claimants. Partly by the skill of his generals, but even more by his own judgment and coolness, he overcame these antagonists, within four years shook off the control of his too powerful Minister, and began a career of conquest which carried him from one end of Hindustan to the other in a series of brilliant campaigns against frontier Powers or formidable insurrections. Very soon he gathered round him a group of generals and administrators unrivalled in the history of pre-British India, choosing them with statesman-like impartiality from Turkic, Afghan or native Indian races, and making no distinction between Mussulman and Hindu. In the settlement of the administration and financial system he bore a leading part himself, abolished oppressive taxes, put an end to religious persecution, protected the peasant cultivator by introducing a fixed system of assessment for land revenue. In the intervals of these toils, which lasted during a reign of forty-eight years, he found time to gather round him learned men, sages, and poets of various races and faiths; to pursue with unflagging interest his own literary studies, and, besides directing many other great public works, to erect a new capital whose mosques and palaces stand to this day as a monument of his strange and splendid genius, hardly less impressive in their solemn loveliness than when they were filled by his gorgeous court. His personal character is even more exceptional among Oriental rulers than his intellectual brilliance. He was singularly clement, faithful to his friends, disposed to prefer soft to violent methods, abstemious in eating and drinking, so filled with the sense of his own greatness that he constituted himself, to the horror of strict Mussulmans, a sort of prophet or vicegerent of God, yet apparently not led away by mere conceit or vanity into acts of cruelty or caprice. He is the only great Mussulman ruler who showed himself capable of rising out of the narrow bigotry of Islam to a lofty and comprehensive view of religious truth as more or less dwelling in and partially expressed by the various creeds that divide the allegiance of mankind.

The life and rule of such a man is a noble theme for a great historian. Colonel Malleson, however, is little better than a bookmaker. He is a practised bookmaker, who can write up to a certain level, and be read without undue weariness. But he is quite unequal to the task which has been here committed to him. Akbar cannot be uninteresting, even in the hands of so feeble a painter, but the picture wants both warmth in the colour and vigour in the

lines. Among the omissions, none is more surprising than the heedlessness which has given us no account of Futtehpore Sikri, Akbar's city, perhaps the most remarkable group of buildings that were ever executed under the auspices of one great mind. And how little the author appreciates his hero may be gathered from his closing remark, that "Akbar need not shrink from comparison even with Queen Elizabeth, his contemporary."

A MISMANAGED HERO.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SEAMAN. By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald. With a Sequel, relating to his services in liberating the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in South America, in the War of the Greek Independence, and with an account of his later life and scientific inventions. Edited by his grandson, Douglas, twelfth Earl of Dundonald. London: R. Bentley & Son. 1890.

MUCH praise is due to Lord Dundonald for the reverent care apparent in this edition of his grandfather's memoirs. The work originally appeared (1859—60) in two volumes, the second of which was issued but a few days before its author's death. It brought the story of his wayward life up to his thirty-ninth year, and closed with an account of the famous trial which ended in his degradation and imprisonment (1814). The new matter in the edition before us consists of an introduction, containing a brief but well planned account of the Dundonald Family, and a sequel in which the present earl has managed to pack the rest of his grandfather's life, from 1814 to 1860, into one hundred and twenty-five pages. There is much to be said for a system of compression which has brought the whole of this remarkable story within the limits of one handy volume, though the editor should not have printed his preface twice over; but that the restriction has been sorely felt by the editor is evident enough, not only from his own words but from many excisions in the body of the work as well as the suppression of the original appendices. These, he thought, "might be spared without impairing the value of the book for general reading, as the earlier editions still remain for reference, if required." We do not set much value (and we doubt if Lord Dundonald sets much) on the above sentence. It seems to mean "I had to give in to my publisher, who held views on the matter."

However, within his limits the editor has done his work well. He was lucky in possessing a subject, the human interest of which outweighs the historical. As a man, Lord Cochrane (he only succeeded to the peerage in 1831) is striking enough in all conscience, and the rough-and-tumble of his life may be held to beat all but the best romances. His father, the ninth earl, threw over the navy for the army, the army for country life, and squandered the family estates to feed a number of crazy inventions. He had a new scheme for preparing soda, another for improving alumina as a mordant for silk and calico printers, a third for making British gum as a substitute for gum Senegal, a fourth for preparing sal ammoniac, a fifth for manufacturing white lead, a sixth for extracting tar from pit-coal, a seventh for preserving ships' bottoms, and so on. In short he was a pioneer in the advance of applied science, and "our patrimony melted like the flux in his crucibles." This is the expression used by Thomas, Lord Cochrane, his more extraordinary son.

Thomas, who united the courage of a lion with the wrong-headedness of a mule, was destined for the army. It was a pity; for Thomas meant to go to sea. However, he was given a commission in His Majesty's 104th Regiment, and—

> "By way of initiation into the mysteries of the military profession, I was placed under the tuition of an old sergeant, whose first lessons well accorded with my father's instructions—not to pay attention to my foibles. My hair, cherished with boyish pride, was formally cut and plastered back with a vile composition of candle-grease and flour, to which was added the torture incident to the cultivation of an incipient *queue*. My neck, from childhood open to the lowland breeze, was encased in an inflexible leathern collar or stock, selected according to my preceptor's notions of military propriety, then almost verging on strangulation. A blue semi-military tunic, with red collar and cuffs, in imitation of the Windsor uniform, was provided; and, to complete the *tout ensemble*, my father, who was a determined Whig partisan, insisted on my wearing yellow waistcoat and breeches, yellow being the Whig colour, of which I was admonished never to be ashamed."

Arrayed in this absurd costume the young Lord Cochrane took a walk one day "near the Duke of Northumberland's palace at Charing Cross." And the streetboys of that neighbourhood behaved after their kind and "beset" him. "Stung to the quick," he says, "I made my escape from them, and rushing home, begged my father to let me go to sea. . . . This burst of despair aroused the indignation of the parent and the Whig, and the reply was a sound cuffing; but my dislike to everything military became confirmed; and the events of that day certainly cost His Majesty's 104th Regiment an officer."

In time Lord Cochrane had his will and went to sea in his uncle's ship, the *Hind*. The story of his early training under Lieutenant Jack Larmour, is as good as anything in Marryat. But unlike Marryat's heroes, who have a knack of attaining glory by that disobedience of orders, Lord Cochrane suffered for unruliness at every turn of his life. He was of that class of men who, when most in the right, contrive to seem hopelessly in the wrong, who persistently obscure a good argument by violence of language and wreck a fair cause by blundering in detail. As junior lieutenant he took an early opportunity of impeding his promotion by quarrelling with his first lieutenant. A court-martial was the result; and he was let off with the admonition to "avoid for the future all flippancy towards superior officers."

At length Lord Cochrane obtained a ship, which may be described in his own words:—

> "The *Speedy* was little more than a burlesque on a vessel of war, even sixty years ago (*i.e.* in the first year of the present century). She was about the size of an average coasting brig, her burden being 158 tons. She was crowded, rather than manned, with a crew of eighty-four men and six officers, myself included. Her armament consisted of fourteen *4-pounders!* a species of gun little larger than a blunderbuss. . . . I applied for and obtained a couple of 12-pounders, but was compelled to return them to the ordnance wharf, there not being room on deck to work them. . . . With her rig I was more fortunate. Having carried away her mainyard, it became necessary to apply for another to the senior officer, who, examining a list of spare spars, ordered the *fore-top-gallant-yard* of the *Généreux* to be hauled out as a *mainyard* for the *Speedy!* . . . I was very proud of my little vessel, caring nothing for her want of accommodation, though in this respect her cabin merits passing notice. It had not so much as room for a chair. . . . The difficulty was to get seated, the ceiling being only five feet high, so that the object could only be accomplished by rolling on the locker, a movement sometimes attended with unpleasant failure. The most singular discomfort, however, was that my only practicable mode of shaving consisted in removing the skylight and putting my head through to make a toilet table of the quarter deck."

The list of prizes taken by this absurd little vessel is perfectly amazing. And it is probable that the hours spent by Lord Cochrane aboard her were the happiest in his life. Certainly his description of them makes pleasant reading. But soon the old story begins—"Admiralty reluctance to promote me," "jobbery," "favouritism," "malice of the Government," etc. etc. And this is the burden of the rest of the book. From the *Speedy*, Lord Cochrane was appointed to the *Pallas*, where he did excellent service. Returning home, he was sent to Parliament by the electors of Honiton, and began to make enemies with whole-hearted indiscretion. In the following Parliament he sat for Westminster, brought forward a motion on naval abuses, and was shipped off to sea in the *Impérieuse*; displayed every fine quality but reticence and obedience; indiscreetly exhibited a well-grounded contempt for his admiral, Lord Gambier, at the Basque Roads; then came home and opposed in Parliament the intended vote of thanks to Lord Gambier. Lord Gambier demanded a court-martial and was, by the efforts of the Government, acquitted. Consequently Lord Cochrane, who had contrived to get himself regarded as accuser, succeeded only in damaging his own reputation, though it is plain enough that on the main question he was entirely in the right. Of course it ruined him with the Admiralty. For

thirty-nine years he never trod the deck of a British ship of war at sea.

His next step was to quarrel with the Maltese Admiralty Court over the prize-money due to the *Impérieuse*. He sailed off to Malta in his private yacht, laid hands on the Court table of fees, was arrested and imprisoned, cut his prison bars, let himself down from a third-storey window, and escaped back to England. At home again, he set himself with fresh vigour to the task of raising up enemies; or, in his own words, "I devoted myself assiduously in Parliament to the course I had marked out for myself, viz., the amelioration of the condition of the naval service."

Then came the famous Stock Exchange Trial, into the history of which we have no space to enter. Unjustly accused, and vilely misused by the presiding judge, Lord Ellenborough, who, as the editor neatly remarks, "enforced the views of the Ministry from the judicial bench," Lord Cochrane was found guilty, stripped of his honours, and flung into prison.

The rest of the story is told in the "Sequel," which is mainly digested from two works published, one in 1859 by Lord Cochrane himself, and the other ten years later by his son and Mr. H. R. Fox-Bourne. It deals with his achievements in the Chilian and the Brazilian service and his work in the war of the Greek independence; and it ends with his restoration to his honours in this country. This chapter is, perhaps, the most pathetic in the book, and the editor deserves our gratitude for the simple language in which he has reminded the public of an iniquity too tardily redressed and too easily forgotten. That Lord Cochrane was a difficult person is notorious enough, but it is well to remember that our rulers broke his spirit by means so detestable as to be almost incredible had we not in the present Parliament been treated to a specimen of precisely the same methods of persecution. That political morality will ever come abreast of ordinary morality it would be sanguine to expect. But a wider acquaintance with such a book as this life of Lord Dundonald might prevent history repeating itself in its very ugliest aspect. It may be noted that the first man to tender his compliments on Lord Dundonald's restoration was Delane, the editor of the *Times*.

THREE NOVELS.

1. A Fellow of Trinity. By Alan St. Aubyn and Walt. Wheeler. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
2. A Marked Man. By Ada Cambridge. London: William Heinemann. 1890.
3. The Dominant Seventh. By Kate Elizabeth Clark. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

One of the authors of "A Fellow at Trinity" produced some time ago a shilling story of Cambridge life, entitled "Trollope's Dilemma." To Cambridge men this was a particularly maddening book; it showed the kind of knowledge of Cambridge which may be called external; but it was entirely out of touch with the undergraduate of to-day—it failed to represent his manners, his actions, his thought, or his conversation; there was no energy or virility in the book, and the author's point of view seemed to be that of a woman. We mention this because all the faults of "Trollope's Dilemma" are, in spite of collaboration, reproduced in "A Fellow of Trinity." If anyone wishes to obtain totally wrong conceptions of what university life is like, and to do so through the medium of a peculiarly dull and ill-written story, he may read "A Fellow of Trinity." It is not enough to know that on certain occasions surplices are worn in chapel; that lists are posted on the Senate House doors; that some men are fast and some are religious. The knowledge of Cambridge which is required to write a story of Cambridge life is something very different from this. Such a story could only be adequately written by one who, in the course of his undergraduate career, had unusual opportunities for observation; as a rule, an undergraduate goes in a groove, and only knows one set of men thoroughly. We do not know if the authors of "A Fellow of Trinity" thought to add to the verisimilitude of their story by adapting two incidents which happened within the last two or three years at Cambridge, and which excited considerable interest and discussion in the University at the time; one of these was a fatal accident on the river, and the other was of a painful and distressing nature; the taste shown by such adaptation is distinctly bad, but bad taste and sheer vulgarity of thought are common enough in these three volumes. Much of the book is improbable, much of it is impossible, or inaccurate, and all of it is dull. We give the authors credit for sincere religious convictions, but other things are requisite to make the good novelist. We can find nothing in "A Fellow of Trinity" to justify the authors' presumption in writing it, no insight into character, no touch of humour, no literary power of any kind, nothing to make us hope that we shall ever see any more of their work.

"A Marked Man" opens conventionally enough. There is the old-fashioned village, the very proud and very old family with a scapegrace son, and the simple rustic maiden. Of course the scapegrace falls in love with the rustic maiden, marries her secretly, and is consequently thrown over by his shockingly proud family. So far there is nothing unusual; we may see as fine things in melodrama any day. But long before the end of the first volume we have recognised much which is admirable in the author's writing, and which is lamentably unusual in the average fiction of to-day. It is an attractive book, rendered attractive by the kindly spirit and fine feeling which it evinces, by the wide and generous sympathies of its author, and no less by her remarkable literary ability. Humour and pathos are well within her reach; there is no strain, no self-consciousness; the story is well constructed, and the author's style is easy and vigorous. We have already pointed out that in the choice of incidents the author shows no conspicuous originality, although in her treatment of them she shows considerable skill; in the delineation of character there are both skill and originality. The development of the simple Annie Morrison into the almost painfully aristocratic Mrs. Delavel is a clever piece of work; but far more forceful and original is the delineation of the character of the hero, Richard Delavel. Among the works of fiction which have appeared this year, "A Marked Man" stands very high.

"The Dominant Seventh" professes to be a musical story. It is not too musical; a reader of very moderate musical education will see the justice and force of its title. The dominant seventh pines to be resolved into the common chord of the keynote, the heroine of this novel, or any other novel, pines to find her completion in the hero. As a musician the author seems to be a moderate Wagnerian, not blind to the merits of the older schools; but we are more concerned with her position as a novelist. She writes of an Italian who, curiously enough, was a nobleman in his own country; his wife was a lunatic; he played excellently on the violin; and he fell in love with a woman who was not his wife, and exercised a curious hypnotic influence over her. The story is not therefore particularly new, and is occasionally a little morbid. There is, however, some evidence of a cultured mind in the author; of course this reputation for culture can be acquired easily enough by occasional references to Satsuma, Chippendale, or Spanish altar-lace; in this case we think rather more knowledge of a subject is shown. The good musicians may object at times to the author's opinion, or to her phraseology; but the average novel-reader will find here a new interest, a certain amount of special knowledge displayed in an attractive and pleasing manner. It is a very romantic story; the analysis of character is not remarkably close or accurate; but it is not devoid of merit or promise. A little more care and self-restraint would have made "The Dominant Seventh" a much better book.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

In "Flores Historiarum," Dr. Luard follows up his scholarly edition of Matthew Paris by a reissue of the most famous of the continuations of that chronicler. The so-called Matthew of Westminster, whose Chronicle in various forms extends to 1307 or 1325, is of very little independent value till the latter half of the thirteenth century, up to which his narrative is entirely based upon one or other form of the labours of his great predecessor. After a careful investigation Dr. Luard comes to the same conclusion as that to which Sir Francis Palgrave came more than sixty years ago. Matthew of Westminster is a mere phantom who never existed. The Chronicle bearing his name is in the main a *réchauffé* of Matthew Paris's "Chronica Majora" drawn up originally at St. Albans somewhere about the year 1250—possibly under the great chronicler's own eye. Matthew Paris stops short at 1259; and from this point the work was carried on still at St. Albans till the year 1265, when the MS. was removed to Westminster, where other scribes brought it down to 1325. This MS., now at Chesham Library in Manchester, bears traces of Matthew Paris's own writing in some places. A second MS. (now preserved at Eton College) extends only to the year 1307. It was originally written for Merton Abbey, and on the whole agrees with the Chesham MS. to the year 1245. From this point to 1307 the new MS. has many differences. On reviewing the whole matter Dr. Luard concludes that the name Matthew of Westminster is a conglomerate, Matthew being the Christian name of Matthew Paris, on whose Chronicle the work is based, and Westminster being an ignorant addition due to the fact that the Chesham MS. was continued at and belonged to the great Abbey at Westminster. This name is only to be found in one MS. of the "Flores Historiarum," now in the British Museum; but from this it passed to the first printed edition—that issued by Archbishop Parker in 1567—and has ever since stuck to the text. Any detailed criticism of the "Flores Historiarum" must be reserved till the appearance of the later volumes, for the present volume has no permanent value to historical students from the fact of its being a mere *résumé* of Matthew Paris.

Messrs. Rivingtons have produced a charming and complete "Divina Commedia" in Italian. Dante is printed without the encumbrance of notes. The account of his works and of his death, from John Villani's Chronicle, is given as a preface; and a short notice in Italian states that the text of Witte has been followed generally, though the editor has not hesitated sometimes to accept the readings of other great authorities, or to adopt the suggestions of common sense. The volume is in crown octavo size, bound in cloth, and five hundred pages long. The paper is good, the type is clear. The colophon is inscribed "Edinborgo: Impresso da T. & A. Constable nel mese d'Aprile, 1890." Both to the publishers and to the printers great praise is due for this admirable edition. If the lovers of Dante wish to make him the companion of their holiday they cannot find him in a better form than this; and, as a companion, there is no one more soothing, more restful. In these fevered times he is like his own—

> "Squilla di lontano;
> Che paia il giorno pianger, che si muore."
>
> "The distant voice of melancholy bells,
> Which seem to mourn the dying of the day."

Dr. Wetz is so sound as a Shakespearean critic that it is a thousand pities he should be so prolix. Of the comparison between Shakespeare and the representatives of other dramatic literatures, which his title-page seems to promise, we find little trace in his book. The propositions to which he principally confines himself are very simple ones: that Shakespeare's personages act from the inner necessity of their natures, not from calculation of expediency, or to adapt themselves to the convenience of the author; and that Shakespeare is not to be judged as if he had written in the nineteenth century. Dr. Wetz has convinced us that these seeming axioms need to be demonstrated in Germany, seeing that they are contested by Bulthaupt, Hartmann, and Gervinus; but he has not convinced us that Gervinus, Hartmann, and Bulthaupt deserve so much powder and shot.

The first essay of "Insignia Vitæ" (the best in the book) seeks to remove the sense of incongruity felt by some between moral aspiration and the impression which nature makes upon them, by pointing out in moral life and in natural processes the same dualism between the "form" to be developed and the material necessary as its vehicle which will not allow of its perfect development. No. II. is a collection of psychical facts and anecdotes usefully illustrating the distinction between the more or less willed and conscious actions of the mind; it is marred by a hazy misuse of metaphysical conceptions, as where the motion of invisible molecules is spoken of as something "transcendental," and confused by a quest after something called the "Ego," in which we doubt if the writer knows very clearly what it is he wants to get at, and which ends in a pointless limitation of man's personality to a select part of the activities of his mind. No. III. is called "The Exercise of the Judgment," but it consists chiefly of an assortment of newspaper cuttings exhibiting instances of strange aberration of judgment, disastrous consequences of want of thought, etc., leading up to little or nothing more than the conclusion that one ought to exercise one's judgment somehow. No. IV. gives us some facts about embryos and some rather pleasing sentiments about childhood. No. V. raises the question of love and of marriage, about which the author has nothing to say; and to the solution of other questions about women it contributes the discovery that the sexes are very different. All these essays contain much varied information, but none except the first has a point, or attempts to extract out of the facts cited anything more fruitful than the commonplaces which most men could express in a less garnished style. There is some interesting reading in the book, but it is a pity when such thin and obvious reflections are taken as contributing anything to the philosophy of life. The temper which so regards them is apt to be contented with more than usually shallow views of questions of the time. There could be no better instance of this than the light way in which the author disposes of the claims of women to better education and a larger scope in life, and the facts which prove their capacity for it, from the high standpoint of one who has made the discovery that women cannot be quite like men.

Dr. Marshall Lang, of the Barony Church, Glasgow, a building which was once associated with the ministry of Norman McLeod, has written a fresh and forcible exposition of the story of "Gideon and the Judges." There is much truth in Dr. Lang's assertion that it is no light task to vividly conjure up the events and personages of not merely a remote, but an obscure age. Much has been done in recent years by the Palestine Exploration Fund in identifying localities and sites more or less closely associated with Biblical History, and Major Conder has indeed gone so far as to claim that no less than two-thirds of the places mentioned in the Scriptures have been ascertained. Dr. Lang, however, is by no means as sure on that point, and he seems to incline to the view that in several instances this supposed identification rests on no more substantial basis than a resemblance of sound between ancient and modern names. At all events, in spite of research, a cloud of uncertainty still rests over some of the allusions in that part of the Bible with which this manual is more immediately concerned, and the sites of the cities named in connection with Gideon's pursuit of the kings cannot be fixed with precision. Wide reading is apparent in this little book, and the author confesses that he has availed himself of the help, not only of scholars and critics, but of travellers and poets. Chrysostom, he reminds us, declared that the truth concerning a remote age could only be gained by investigating the "period, cause, motive, difference of person, and the attendant circumstances;" and then went on to add: "If the Old Testament Scriptures had not trained us so well that we have become susceptible of higher things, we should not now have seen their deficiency." An able little book—strong, reverent, and suggestive.

Nothing is more difficult than to write a really good elementary book, and Indian history is, perhaps, the most difficult subject on which the attempt can be made. Mr. Talboys Wheeler, who is favourably known by his larger books upon Indian history, has not succeeded in presenting a lucid or interesting sketch of it. The arrangement is far from good, and the meagre narrative fails to depict events either with adequate colour or in their due perspective. The book is not suited for schools, but indeed it can hardly be meant for them. It is readable by older students, but it may be of some use to anyone who wishes to have at hand for the purposes of reference a sort of summary of events with dates.

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* Flores Historiarum. Edited by H. R. Luard, D.D. Vol. I. The Creation to 1066. Rolls Series. 1890.

La Commedia di Dante Alighieri. Uno volume. Londra: Rivingtons. 1890.

Shakespeare vom Standpunkte der vergleicher den Litteraturgeschichte. Von Dr. W. Wetz. Bd. I. Worms: Reiss.

Insignia Vitæ; or, Broad Principles and Practical Conclusions. Five Essays on Life and Character. By C. H. Waterhouse, B.A., M.D. London: J. S. Virtue & Co.

Gideon and the Judges; a Study, Practical and Historical. By the Rev. John Marshall Lang, D.D. (Men of the Bible.) London: James Nisbet & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

Indian History, Asiatic and European. By J. Talboys Wheeler London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

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